MADELINE;

OR, THE

CASTLE

OF

MONTGOMERY,

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MADELINE,

OR THE

CASTLE OF MONTGOMERY.

CHAP. XXXI.

MADELINE, perfectly indifferent to the gaiety which ſurrounded her, and the admiration ſhe excited, wherever ſhe appeared, devoted her hours to cheer the languor of her father, whom the phyſicians declared in a rapid decline. The remembrance of Mr. Glendillon was the only comfort ſhe knew; when Lord Delahay's family arriving

in Bath, her intimacy with the amiable Bab was reſumed. From her ladyſhip ſhe learned that her ſiſter was pregnant; and, notwithſtanding that, and the tender entreaties of her Lord, ſhe purſued, with avidity, every faſhionable folly, often fainting under the fatigue. Madeline wept for her ſiſter; but carefully concealed her depravity from the Major, whom his phyſician ordered to try the air of Liſbon. Madeline conſidered this the laſt effect of medical ſkill to ſave him: in idea her preſaging heart beheld him on a dying bed, and herſelf left a poor dependent orphan. A few mornings previous to their departure, accompanied by Lady Bab, ſhe indulged in a penſive walk. Glendillon became the ſubject; and ſo engaged were their ideas, that they ſtumbled againſt a gentleman, and a very faſhionable woman hanging on his arm: looking up to apologize, Madeline diſcovered Mr. Herbert; and giving her hand, with much kindneſs, ſhe enquired for her dear Fanny. He replied ſhe was very well, in the Creſcent, where they both would rejoice

rejoice to ſee her. "Lady Bab," ſaid Madeline, "this is Mr. Herbert, huſband to a very dear and amiable friend." Her ladyſhip bowed coolly: "Let us purſue our walk, we ſhall be obſerved." Mr. Herbert coloured; and Madeline, promiſing to wait on his lady in the evening left him. "Mr. Herbert is huſband to a charming girl," ſaid Madeline to her couſin. "He is a modern one then, I will engage," returned her ladyſhip, "for that impure, he now gallants, is the celebrated forſaken miſtreſs of Lord Darville." "Poor Fanny," exclaimed Madeline. "Herbert was always volatile, but I thought not reprehenſible." Madeline, impatient to embrace her friend, ſet out early. They exchanged a thouſand embraces, when Madeline, with concern, obſerved that Mrs. Herbert was no longer the blooming Fanny—her ſweet eyes had loſt their luſtre—her cheeks were pale—and her figure altogether too delicate for a ſtate of perfect health. "How good you are!" ſaid ſhe, "to ſtill regard the daughter of one who occaſioned

all your ſorrow." "My injuſtice would be great indeed," replied Madeline, "could I harbour one unkind thought of you.—No, my ſweet Frances, we have both been innocent ſufferers, but ſhall ever continue attached friends. Come, now tell me your hiſtory ſince we parted." "In relating ſome circumſtances of my conduct," ſaid Mrs. Herbert, "I ſhall incur the cenſure of your ſuperior virtue; but as ſincerity ſtill is mine, that ſhall guide my recital.—I need not tell you that Mr. Herbert was a welcome viſitor at my unhappy father's. Martha's attachment firſt brought him to the houſe; but he always diſdained her advances, and, in ſecret, vowed he never would wed but me. I was pleaſed—flattered with the preference, and returned his love with all that warmth of ſentiment of which my heart was capable. I ſoon diſcerned, and informed him, my father's fortune was deſtroyed. He praiſed my generous candour, declared it increaſed his admiration, and urged a private marriage. Your mother's counſels long prevailed. I

pleaded

pleaded duty—his future eſteem—the opinion of the world: and, but for the harſhneſs of my mother, I had conquered. After I had conſented to attend him to Scotland, he became more tender—prevented my very wiſhes—and pourtrayed ſuch enchanting ſcenes of domeſtic bliſs, that I believed I ſhould be the happieſt of human beings. One fatal morning, in a retired temple, our uſual reſort, he had been extremely urgent to elope, called me his love—his wife, and vowed neither ſickneſs, poverty, or death ſhould divide us. Leaning on his boſom, he impreſſed innumerable kiſſes on my cheeks, lips, and neck; and proceeding to what I thought improper freedoms, ſtarting from his arms, I aſked if he would betray a girl who truſted in his honor. No, he replied, coolly, nor ought you to ſuſpect mine. Alas, returned I, I only ſuſpect myſelf. Preſſing my hand with unutterable tenderneſs, while the tears trembled in his eyes, he demanded if I believed him a villain. A villain, Herbert!—Have I not repoſed each future hope in your

truth, entruſted my comfort to your care, and devoted myſelf to your happineſs? Then, Fanny, convince me of your confidence, elſe we muſt part for ever! Irreſolute, and ſoftened by his tears, I replied, I will convince you—will attend you to-night—and unite our fate for ever. One moment ſtay, Frances,—the proof which I demand, this inſtant is within your power. I am your huſband in the ſight of Heaven—bleſs then my wiſhes. Forbear! Oh Herbert! I cried, in agony, ſink me not beneath your power, to raiſe me to yourſelf; plunge me not in ſhame, in endleſs reproach—but receive me pure, and worthy of your love.—I had fallen at his feet; he raiſed me in his arms, preſſed me to his beating heart. Oh! Madeline! the bitter tears of black remembrance now ſtain my glowing cheek—I fell.——Deepeſt darkneſs drop its veil for ever, and obſcure the guilty moment. In vain he tried to ſooth my returning ſenſes; with the ſofteſt endearments called me his own Fanny—his wife—that now no care ſhould ever reach me—he would

would prepare for our departure, and reward my confidence with a life of tenderneſs. His careſſes were received with a ſtupor that appeared to give him agony; when, with ſlow, lingering ſteps, he led me towards home.—but how changed did every thing appear in my guilty eyes. The flowers ſeemed to wither at my approach; the roſe retreated from my view; methought the very breeze whiſpered undone Fanny! and that all creation wore a gloom. Why, ſaid Herbert, in a voice which might have lured an angel, why, after bleſſing your adoring Herbert, after beſtowing the ſweeteſt proofs of confidence, will you, by this ſorrow, drive him to deſpair? Deſpair is only mine---I anſwered---Loſt to innocence—it is my portion. By all the hoſts of heaven, interrupted he, no tongue but thine dared whiſper ſuch a thought. In my idea you are pure as infancy: you are my wife, and your honor in my keeping. Oh Madeline! let none forſake the path of rectitude. His kindneſs was more bitter than reproach, and wrung my tortured

heart. Ah—how humbled I felt. I had never viewed his face, but with the gaze of innocent delight—now I durſt no more look up; but like a wretch returning from a deed of darkneſs, ſtole, unnoticed, to my room. Oh, Herbert, exclaimed I, falling on my knees, was it neceſſary to ſeduce me. How I ſhould have gloried in the name of wife, and followed thee in want and wretchedneſs throughout the world—but never now. I will fulfil my deſtiny, and leave thee to a happier lot. Poor, weak Frances! that could not guard a treaſure heaven entruſted to thy care. Yet I can plead no tempting moment. I was a ſtranger to that betraying tenderneſs which ruins many; the ſoftened wiſh that drowns the voice of reaſon, charms the paſſions, and leaves the heart open to ſeduction, lured not me. No, loſt Fanny, to prove thy confidence in him, thou haſt taught him to have none in thee; and muſt ſoon ſcorn his poor degraded conqueſt. In theſe reflections I paſſed the day—and had reſolved to refuſe his hand, when my maid introduced

introduced him. Advancing, with what I imagined an assured air, he said, I have arranged every thing, my lovely girl, for our journey to the blacksmith. A guilty blush suffused my face; and, without courage to look up, replied, I declined the honor,—adding, while my mind was pure, my virtue unstained, it was my dearest wish; but humbled as I now am, I will never subject myself to a husband's reproach. Your breast is too noble for the guilty to repose on; nor will the lost Fanny give dishonor to your arms; and ere we part for ever, Herbert, Oh! be warned—and when you next would gain a bride, exact no proof so fatal of her confidence; deprive her not of self-esteem, which only precedes the loss of your own; and from my sad experience learn, that the heart which has obscured the brightness of innocence, will never feel the blessing of peace. Farewell! May the God of goodness guide you, and direct you to the exercise of those virtues which I hope glow in your bosom. A deep sigh induced me to

look up—Oh, God! he had fallen back, pale and lifeleſs, in his chair. Every reſolution vaniſhed, love returned upon my heart, and the recovery of Herbert employed every idea. Terror deprived me of power to ſcream, elſe we had been diſcovered. I could only, with enfeebled voice, call him my Herbert—huſband, vow to be his wife, and, with frantic tenderneſs, fell upon his boſom. In a few minutes returning life animated his features, tears guſhed from his eyes, and he languidly ſaid, leave me Fanny. Scorned and deteſted by you, as a villain and betrayer, I have only to entreat your pity, and ſubmit to the fate you prepare me—unkind girl! He trembled violently; when, unmindful of myſelf, throwing my arms around him, I conjured him to be calm, and he ſhould guide me for ever. Pleaſure ſparkled in his eyes—he kiſſed my hands with rapture, and almoſt alarmed as much with his wildneſs as he had done by his inſenſibility. Let the cold, unfeeling heart, a ſtranger to each ſofter ſentiment, condemn me. "I loved

loved—and was a woman." Every reſolution ſunk before his wiſhes—and next morning I ſent a note, that I would accept his protection. Pretending to viſit the Caſtle, we eloped. To ſay I felt tremors, during the ceremony, might appear affectation, after what had paſſed—but I beg you to believe, that I felt the bittereſt regret in reflecting what a humbled being I gave to his arms. On our arrival at his chambers, in the Temple, I addreſſed my parents, but receiving no anſwer, I yielded to a deep dejection. Herbert watched me with the kindeſt care, aſſuring me, with the utmoſt tenderneſs, that he would ever ſupply the place of a father, and be my comfort under every evil. He had a genteel acquaintance, but I fled ſociety, ſoon loſt my ſpirits, and my health declined, when he removed to the country for benefit of air. I ſoon recovered from indiſpoſition, but often a repenting pang would riſe—and becauſe accuſing conſcience whiſpered I deſerved it, I would imagine reproach ſat on the brow of Herbert. One evening returning

from a charming walk, happy in each other, we met my father. His eyes were wild—his face pale, and his whole frame trembled. We would have knelt—but, with a voice ſcarce human, he cried, Be gone! And then addreſſing Herbert, continued—fawning villain, who hath ſtole my child, and plunged her in diſgrace: prepare—this moment is your laſt. My wife, replied Herbert, ſhall never know diſgrace. Leave us, Sir Joſeph, nor force me to ſay unpleaſing truths.—— "Wretched thing, what wouldſt thou dare infer?" That I have ſaved one daughter from the deſtruction in which you have involved the reſt. Deteſted villain! returned Sir Joſeph, in rage, and throwing a piſtol—take that. Herbert took it up, looked pitying at him, and exclaimed, Poor Sir Joſeph! Fire, called out my father, pointing his own piſtol at my huſband,—liar! coward—fire. Herbert preſented, recovered his arm, and, retreating, cried raſh man! thou art the father of my Frances, diſcharged his piſtol in the air. He was then defenceleſs. My father

ther advanced to his breaſt. I ſhrieked; wretched Fanny, this is thine hour of retribution, and throwing myſelf upon him, daſhed the piſtol from his hand. Herbert flew to raiſe me, while Sir Joſeph ſinking beſide me, exclaimed, excellent Herbert, forgive the frantic fury of a wretched father! I came to die, continued he, incoherently; would have avoided ſelf-murder—and ſtained thine honor with my blood—blighted thine innocent enjoyments with my child, but thy forbearing goodneſs foiled the black attempt, and I muſt execute the deed of horror in ſome baleful corner, where it will not interrupt thy peace. Fanny, before we part for ever, I would bleſs thee—but from theſe impious lips it would turn into a curſe—Oh, this tortured heart! Herbert, farewell—abide in rectitude, and you will die in peace. My child be good—and happy. No ſtorm can ſhake the guiltleſs mind. Bleſs—bleſs—all righteous heaven—ſhe is not mine—then bleſs the wife of Herbert. After uttering theſe ſentences, ſwift as lightning, he darted from

from us. You, my Madeline, know the fatal ſequel. Folding Herbert in my arms, I bleſſed him for his forbearance with my father—Oh! how it endeared him to my heart! We ſoon returned to Town, when the domeſtic life we led, made me the witneſs of his unreſtrained conduct. He was generous, benevolent, and humane—could be enchantingly tender, and chillingly ſevere. His nature could neither reſiſt kindneſs or unkindneſs. He was tenacious of prerogative, fond of pleaſure, impatient of contradiction, and expected unlimited obedience. Naturally of a complying temper, I accommodated myſelf to his weakneſſes, and, by a ſmiling cheerfulneſs, encouraged every propenſity to amendment. When he would yield to ſudden ſtarts of paſſion, or I beheld thoſe moments de froidèur, which your charming mother uſed to ſay were found in every married life, I ſilently received them as reproaches for one imprudent ſtep. Alas, the ſad remembrance mixed itſelf with my choiceſt comforts, and ſhed a baleful in-

fluence

fluence over my ſweeteſt moments. Indeed he never uttered one upbraiding word—he was a ſtranger to ſuſpicion, and placed ſuch unbounded confidence in me, that I ſometimes feared it bordered on indifference. Indeed he has an inconſiſtency in his nature, which will by no means lead to the promotion of his fortune. Among his acquaintances was a young barriſter, named Weſton—he was very agreeable and intimate with Herbert, while he almoſt confeſſed a paſſion for me. Never a coquette, and fond of my huſband, his admiration was unheeded, and I laughed at his romantic flights, treating him as a harmleſs being, who afforded neither pleaſure or uneaſineſs; which I am convinced is the propereſt method to treat a vain aſſuming lover. When a man once becomes troubleſome, half his point is gained; but humble his ſelf-conſequence, and he will ſoon learn to reſpect the woman, who neither fears his powers of ſeduction, nor is pleaſed with his attentions. In a ſhort time I beheld, with inexpreſſible vexation, Mr. Herbert become

indifferent.

indifferent. When we were alone he would complain of ennui, and ſet ſilent for hours. I boaſted not ſuperior powers of pleaſing, but had been often told I poſſeſſed talents to ſupport a rational converſation; and he had often been delighted with my innocent mirth. The world, I know, would deem me unreaſonable, becauſe I received no ill treatment—But, alas! negative kindneſs ſuited not a heart like mine. I had heard of the inſtability of man—the coldneſs and neglect of the marriage ſtate—but my nature poſſeſſed not indifference, nor my heart fortitude to bear them. Yet I complained not, but bore it "as holy men do puniſhments from heaven," and offered my reſignation at the throne of mercy as an expiation of one unhappy moment.

His uncle died a few months after our marriage, and dying inteſtate, his whole poſſeſſions devolved to an elder brother's ſon. Diſtreſſes preſſed upon us, and my poor Herbert was arreſted. A priſon and want now

ſtared

ſtared me in the face, and I was lamenting our ſad deſtiny, when Mr. Weſton entered. He appeared concerned at my dejection; and enquiring the cauſe, I frankly confeſſed the ſituation of my huſband. Injured excellence, he exclaimed, to mourn a man who wrongs you. Starting, I demanded his meaning—When he informed me Mr. Herbert kept an expenſive miſtreſs. Agonized as was my ſoul, I replied, and does the tongue of friendſhip offer this information to conſole me? But be it ſo—I am a wife—almoſt a mother—and the duties of theſe characters ſhall teach me how to act. Leave me, Sir.——Angelic woman, never! make my arms your refuge; fly from a baſe betraying huſband—Stop, interrupted I, I have long conſidered you as my huſband's friend, and wiſh not to diſmiſs the thought in this ſad moment. He appeared ſtruck, and aſked me if I would accept him alſo as a friend. Yes, I replied, upon conditions never more to inſult a woman becauſe defenceleſs, and unhappy; but let the principles of honor diſpel the miſt

which

which gallantry, or wrong wiſhes has caſt over your reaſon. And believe one who has ſuffered ſeverely, that the reflection of having ſubdued an improper paſſion, will convey a more laſting ſatisfaction than the deſtructive poſſeſſion could afford you. Go, gain " one ſelf approving hour," and that will teach you when to claim my friendſhip.

He left me; when, driven by my various evils to deſperation, I repaired to my mother's. A domeſtic, who knew me, admitted me. Caſting myſelf at her feet, I diſcloſed my wretched condition, and implored her pity. She ſpurned me, ſaying, it was muſic to her ear. If my miſery delights you, ſaid I, you are bleſſed indeed! for I am fallen almoſt beyond the reach of hope. Yet, ere we part for ever, Oh, be merciful! and bleſs a poor returning penitent! Your preſent portion, replied ſhe, riſing to ring the bell, is the bleſſing I conferred.—Leave my preſence. I was conducted out. Martha ſat ſilent, but Charlotte followed, and giving

giving me five guineas, promiſed to call and ſee me.

On my return, what was my ſurpriſe and joy to behold my huſband and Weſton! I fainted, and on my recovery, Herbert informed me that Weſton had confeſſed his attempts on my virtue; and that the mild dignity with which I repulſed him had convinced his reaſon and reformed his manners; adding, that as a ſmall recompence, he inſiſted extricating him from his preſent difficulty. My pleaſure was exceſſive. I embraced my huſband, thanked his friend, and was ſcarcely compoſed, when my ſiſter Charlotte entered. Indeed ſhe frequently paid me private viſits, and with real ſatisfaction, I perceived a growing attachment between her and Mr. Weſton, who is now in Ireland on buſineſs. Previous to his departure, he enabled my Herbert to bring me here, for the recovery of my health and ſpirits; where I have had the felicity to meet my Madeline, the deareſt friend of my heart."

Madeline

Madeline, embracing her with the pureſt regard, thanked her for her little intereſting hiſtory, and aſſured her that ſhe conſidered the deep regret ſhe expreſſed, expiated an error which proceeded more from an unſuſpecting nature and generous affection, than from weakneſs of underſtanding, or improper indulgence of paſſion. Fanny wept on the boſom of her friend, declaring the remembrance would embitter every moment through life; though ſhe would conceal it from Herbert. He ſoon joined the ladies, when his wife aſſumed a gaiety which ſeemed to pleaſe him. His ſpirits were volatile as ever; but on Fanny's leaving the room for a few minutes, he inquired of Madeline who the young lady was, walking with her in the morning. "It was my couſin, Lady Bab Darville," replied Madeline. "She looked confoundedly croſs," rejoined he, "and was in violent haſte." "Had Mrs. Herbert hung on your arm, Sir, inſtead of her brother's degraded miſtreſs, her face had beamed with its uſual complacency, and ſhe had honoured you with a very different ſalute, when

when introduced as the huſband of my friend. And be perſuaded, my dear Mr. Herbert, that when we forget the reverence due to our own character, the reſpectable part of the world will ſoon conſider us undeſerving of theirs. Had you known the reputation of the lady you eſcorted, I perſuade myſelf you would not have offered your amiable Fanny ſuch a cruel indignity." Fanny would have excuſed it, Miſs Montgomery." "Then, Sir, ſhe neither poſſeſſes the delicacy or affection I ſuppoſed; for the levity of ſuch a woman muſt infect your converſation, and taint your manners, while her abandoned principles weaken your honor, and eſtrange your heart." No more paſſed. Mrs. Herbert joined them; when her huſband reſumed his eaſe, and ſo exerted his powers of pleaſing, that when our Heroine retired, ſhe ſcarce knew whether moſt to admire his agreeable talents, or cenſure his reprehenſible follies.

Next morning they returned Madeline's viſit, when the Major kindly bleſſed the dear

Fanny, and offered ſome gentle counſels to her huſband. The friends parted with the warmeſt regard; when Madeline, with a ſad predicting heart, quitted Bath, and attended her declining parent on his voyage.

CHAP. XXXII.

ON our Heroine arriving in Liſbon, her father was nearly exhauſted; but a few days reſt ſufficiently reſtored him to ſit up, and be ſenſible of the tender attentions of his daughter. In the morning ſhe would read and converſe, in the evening ſing or play his favourite airs; and when too melancholy herſelf to divert him, would retire until ſhe recovered ſome ſhare of ſpirits. Often in theſe lonely hours her ideas would wander to the peaceful

peaceful ſcenes of Montgomery, when a ſtranger to ſorrow or anxiety, ſhe liſtened to the accents of elegant inſtruction, flowing from the lips of a beloved mother; when every action was directed by her wiſdom; when her father was happy, her Ellen kind, and every friend contributing to her comfort. Then ſhe would revert to her uncle; when all ſhe did was approved, all ſhe uttered liſtened to with pleaſure, and every wiſh was courting her acceptance. Alas! ſaid ſhe, every revolving year takes from my comforts. Then her father's approaching death would wring her boſom, Glendillon claim a tear, her ſiſter's conduct, her own forlorn condition, all would ruſh upon her mind, and nearly deprive her of her ſenſes.

One evening that ſhe was unuſually depreſſed; after one of theſe reveries, ſhe deſcended from her room; but what were her ſenſations on entering to behold Mr. Glendillon ſeated by her father! For a moment every faculty was ſuſpended, and ſhe believed her

her thoughts had raiſed the viſion to her view. When he aroſe, his eyes beaming unutterable tenderneſs, and with a reſpectful ſalute, handed her to a chair. Serene pleaſure gladdened the countenance of her father, and he converſed with cheerfulneſs. Madeline enquired kindly for her ſiſter, Lord Clifford, and Lady Bab. He had ſeen them all. Lady Clifford ſparkled the brighteſt belle in the beau monde, her Lord rather indiſpoſed, and Lady Bab agreeable and good humoured as ever. It was now, when ſecluded from the world, that our Heroine had opportunity to obſerve the amiable qualities of her adoring Glendillon, whoſe fine form never appeared to greater advantage than when ſupporting the languid head of her reſpectable father. His attentions to her were delicate; he was the improving friend, the kind comforter, and attached lover. In receiving his ſoothing endearments her heart was ſo penetrated, that ſhe thought ſhe could have renounced the whole world, and in his kind boſom forget her every care:

and

and, but that ſhe beheld her beloved parent ſinking to the grave, Madeline would have pronounced herſelf happy. He had one day been alarmingly ill, when, overwhelmed with diſtreſs, ſhe retired to weep alone. She beheld her parent in the duſt, and herſelf ſtruggling with the bleak blaſts of dependance and adverſity; when hope, in the ſmiling form of Glendillon, appeared. She fancied herſelf his wife, in ſome ſecluded cottage; where, mutually contributing to each other's bliſs, love and innocence brought a paradiſe to view. But though ſhe was inured to indigence, could Glendillon ſupport it? No, no, ſhe exclaimed, I will deſcend with my father to the grave: "there will the wicked ceaſe from troubling, there the weary are at reſt." Totally abſorbed in her own contemplations, ſhe heard not the door open, but beheld her lover at her feet. She trembled, and attempted to raiſe him. "No, ſweet mourner," exclaimed he, "never will I quit this poſture, until your gentle boſom is more compoſed. Your father's grave!

my love; alas! then whither wouldſt thou ſend thy Arthur? Look up angelic ſufferer! long ſhall thy ſweetneſs bleſs the human kind, animate declining virtue, and, Oh! my charming Madeline, vouchſafe to encourage thy Glendillon to act aright. Our poor Heroine, ſoftened before now, yielded to her emotions, and in all the bitterneſs of ſorrow, deplored her condition. "My father leaves me," continued ſhe, "in a bad world —I cannot ſtoop to mean dependance, nor wed where ſordid intereſt points. Where then can Madeline be ſafe but in her parent's grave?" "Within theſe arms, my bleſſed Madeline," replied he, "where the rude winds of heaven ſhall ſcarcely blow upon you. Let me but be your guardian—huſband —No care ſhall reach you which my breaſt can ſhield; and you ſhall be my monitreſs— my wife. Speak then, and bleſs me!—be not offended,—but your father has conſented,— and your compliance will ſooth his dying hour." Madeline's gentle boſom was above diſguiſe; ſhe confeſſed—her modeſt love—

confeſſed

confeſſed her ſtruggle while engaged to Lord Clifford. Folding the ſweet trembler to his beating heart, he imprinted a kiſs on her glowing cheek, and repaired to the Major. All the ſofter paſſions were now awakened in the mind of our Heroine. A ſweet confuſion and refined pleaſure, known to few, enveloped every ſenſe; and when her tranſported lover returned to lead her to her father, ſhe had not moved from the ſeat in which he left her.

A ſerene ſatisfaction appeared on the pale countenance of Major Montgomery—and with the ſmile of paternal kindneſs, he deſired them on their entrance to come near. An enchanting bluſh ſuffuſed the ſweet face of his daughter, while the eyes of Glendillon beamed with the moſt chaſtened rapture. Taking a hand of each, the venerable father thus addreſſed them:

" A few more weary ſteps, my beloved girl, and the painful pilgrimage of life is

over; and thy father, ſo cheriſhed by thy care, ſo ſoothed by thy tenderneſs and duty, will tell thine angelic mother what a daughter Madeline hath been. The hour draws near, my child, when nature tears the veil of deluſion from the ſight, when ſplendor and riches loſe their faſcinating power, and birth and diſtinctions loſe their prevailing charm; when piety and virtue appear the only true bleſſings in life, and the unfailing comfort of a dying hour. The world is faſt receding from my view, and I ſhall deſcend to the grave in peace, aſſured that I repoſe my darling in the boſom of honor. A parent's hand beſtows you on this youth—he will guide you with his care, protect you with his love, and be unto my treaſured Madeline a father—friend—and huſband. Receive her then, Glendillon, from theſe trembling arms; take her to thy boſom; ſhe is an angel that will bleſs thy days, as ſhe hath bleſſed her father's. And now, my children, may the God of conſolation ſhower down his choiceſt mercies on you,—guard

you

you through a world of care,—and preſerve you in the paths of grace and goodneſs, that we may meet in purer regions, and never part again."

In a few days Madeline became the bride of the adoring Glendillon; and in beholding their mutual bliſs, the Major's conſtitution appeared renovated, his ſpirits revived, and he lived four months after their union, when he expired in their arms without a groan. "Sure the end of the good man is peace," "How ſilent his paſſage—how quiet his journey—how bleſſed his death." No miſery unrelieved—no talents miſapplied—no error unrepented—nor no wealth abuſed, diſturb the ſolemn moment; but the ſoul, repoſing on Almighty mercy, wings her myſtic flight to future worlds.

CHAP. XXXIII.

DURING the laſt illneſs of Major Montgomery, he had made it an earneſt requeſt to be laid by his beloved wife, in the family vault of Montgomery. And as his wiſhes were ever ſacred in the boſom of Madeline, they embarked with his beloved remains for England. Mr. Glendillon and his wife ſtaid but a few hours in London, when with a ſlow and heavy pace they attended the hearſe to Montgomery.

The ſhades of night were deſcending when they entered the valley of Montgomery. A denſe

denſe fog precluded every object from their view, and a low wind ſtealing through the apertures of the carriage, ſounded in their ears like the paſſing ſigh of nature to the memory of Montgomery. The gates of Mr. Primroſe were cloſed; — Jarvais knocked; reverberating echo returned the ſound, but no one appeared. A ſtinging nettle, and the deadly nightſhade grew by the threſhold. "Cheerleſs plants," exclaimed Madeline; "offſpring of inhoſpitality! ye were not wont to rear your noxious heads around this dwelling; but now—cheriſhed with the tears of unpitied poor, and ſighs of unheeded ſorrow, ye flouriſh, and extend empoiſoned influence o'er a maſter's heart!" At length a ſervant appeared—Mr. Primroſe was aſleep. "As our buſineſs is particular," ſaid Mr. Glendillon, "we will wait until he awakes." "Thou mayeſt leave it then in writing," replied the domeſtic, "for Joſiah Primroſe communeth not with ſtrangers." The door was about to be cloſed, when an old woman, who remembered Madeline, appeared, and

granted them admiſſion. They entered the virando parlour; remembrance crowded on our Heroine. "Yes!" ſhe cried, "they are all gone—I have nothing left—no—nothing." She looked around, and met the kind expreſſive eye of her huſband. "Forgive me, deareſt being!" ſaid ſhe, "I have all—every thing in thee!" He was wiping the tears from her cheeks, when the door opened and Mr. Primroſe appeared. A chilling gloom hung over his heavy eyes—his face was pale and emaciated, and his bending figure was ſupported on a ſtaff. After a cold ſalute from him, Madeline ſaid, "I intrude on your ſolitude, Mr. Primroſe, with the requeſt of a dying father." "Then thy father is departed," interrupted he. "His hallowed clay reſts at your gates." "Oh! he is happy," rejoined he—while ſomething like a ſigh was ſtealing from his heart, which ſeverity chilled ere it could be reſpired. To ſpare the feeling of Madeline, her huſband addreſſed the quaker—"As the proprietor, Sir, of Montgomery Caſtle, I preſent the Major's

Major's laſt requeſt to be laid at the ſide of his deceaſed wife.—Will you have the kindneſs to give the neceſſary orders?" "Kindneſs and I," replied he, in a hollow voice, "have parted for ever.—But the dead.—No more.—Depart.——Repoſe the body—and never interrupt my hours again." "Yet hear me," ſaid Madeline, in a beſeeching tone, "Mrs. Primroſe—ſleepeth in the duſt,"—"Dear Joſiah! he returneth ſoon.—Be gone!" "Yet once more! my Miriam?" "Name her not—her ways are wickedneſs—her path deſtruction—and her ſteps deſcend to hell.—Forſaken by her father and her God, like unto Cain, ſhe wandereth on earth marked. Yet I curſe not,—but bitter as is my heart, ſo keenly bitter will be yet her portion!" Madeline appeared fainting, while Glendillon ſhuddering, exclaimed, "Poor—poor mortal!" and turning to his wife, ſupported her from the ruthleſs preſence of the wretched quaker. They were received at the Rectory by old Martha, with affectionate welcome. Mr. Alworthy was ſtill abroad. The Caſtle

uninhabited, and the lands let out. Martha gave Madeline every information concerning Miriam.

During the abode of Captain Glanville at the Rectory, he had frequent interviews with Miriam; and a few nights before her mother expired, she desired to see him.—Blessing him fervently, as the preserver of her son, she entreated, if possible, that he would restrain his passion for Miriam, and to consider the malediction of her father; but that if the feelings of nature should be too powerful, she implored the favor of Almighty God to bless their union. After her death Miriam took a tender leave of her lover, and prayed him to depart, and not to shake her duty, by farther entreaty, as she resolved to devote her days to her father, and, if possible, subdue her fatal love. He pretended to obey—but still remained in the environs of Montgomery. Poor Miriam now indeed felt the extremity of wretchedness—Her mother dead, her friends dispersed, and she had banished

baniſhed her lover. Still ſhe had conquered —but that her father, groaning beneath the load of ſelf-created evils, impoſed ſuch ſevere reſtraint on her, that life became a burden. When one day deploring her relentleſs fate, in the woods of Montgomery, Glanville overheard her, and at her feet conjured her, with reſiſtleſs tenderneſs, to ſave him from deſpair, and make herſelf happy. Recalled her mother's bleſſing—her brother's wiſhes to remembrance. To be brief, Miriam yielded, and became the wife of Glanville. Upon their return from the borders, they forced themſelves on the preſence of her father. It is true, he imprecated not curſes, but like Paul with the offending copper-ſmith, it amounted to the ſame.—"Lord in the day of thy wrath forget not the bitterneſs of a father's heart." She knelt, he ſpurned her with his feet—when the gates of the remorſeleſs parent were for ever cloſed on his imploring daughter. Long her meek filial heart mourned his harſhneſs; but the kindneſs of her huſband, and the hope of

her brother, at length reſtored her to tolerable tranquillity. Martha gave Madeline her addreſs, and alſo informed her ſhe had a lovely little girl.

Next morning the remains of the Major were conducted in ſolemn pomp to the dark abode of his illuſtrious anceſtors. Poor old Jarvis, worn out with grief and infirmities, entreated to be left at Montgomery, near his old friend Martha. "I am feeble now, my beloved Lady," ſaid he to Madeline, "and cannot ſerve you; if I could, creeping on my knees I would attend you over the world. My gallant Major's gone,—that—that pulls heavy at my heart; and ſoon the bell of Montgomery will toll my exit." Lord Clifford had given him a little penſion, and while Madeline was beſtowing the tribute of grateful tears on his long and faithful ſervices, her huſband, unknown, left a purſe to be delivered him after their departure. The laſt duties being paid to Major Montgomery, Mr. Glendillon and his wife began their journey

ney to London. They travelled ſlow, and the weather being fine, the variety of proſpects aſſiſted to divert Madeline's depreſſed ſpirits. During their journey, her huſband one day told her he was partly indebted to Lord Darville for his happineſs; when ſeeing her look ſurpriſed, he informed her that before he went to Ireland they agreed to correſpond. That his firſt epiſtle conveyed the news of Mr. Clifford's elopement with Ellen, and his father's death. The next brought tranſporting intelligence, acquainting him Madeline bore the deſertion with perfect compoſure; had rejected Lord Darville's hand, and confeſſed a predilection for another; adding, that it was believed he was the favored being. "Indulging the hope, my Madeline, I arrived at Bath—you was gone to Liſbon,—I followed—and there gained the ineſtimable treaſure which enriches me beyond the wealth of worlds."

He then diſcloſed his circumſtances to her. The ten thouſand pounds preſented by his

uncle, a banker held, until an advantageous purchaſe offered. Thus, and with forming plans of future happineſs, they beguiled the hours until their arrival in London.

CHAP. XXXIV.

UPON their arrival in Town, Madeline wrote a kind letter to her ſiſter, who was at Clifford Park, informing her of her father's death, her own marriage, and entreated to know when ſhe might have the pleaſure to embrace her. She received a letter from her aunt Forteſcue, informing her of her intention to travel for ſome time.

She

She ſhould hear from her when ſhe fixed in any place. When, attended by her huſband, ſhe repaired to Captain Glanville's, in St. James's Place. The ſincereſt joy gladdened the gentle friends when embracing and offering mutual congratulations. Miriam ſtill preſerved her ſimplicity of manners, and plainneſs of attire—while her Glanville gazed with delight on her and her little girl, whom they had named Madeline Montgomery.—"Be but as happy," ſaid he to our Heroine, "my charming friend, as Miriam hath made me, and life will be a paradiſe." "Thee forgetteſt, friend Glanville," interrupted his wife, "that my humble merit is a faint imitation of my Madeline's—So if thee art contented, I pray thee offer thy gratitude unto her." Mr. Glendillon and Glanville ſoon became intimate: theirs was the intelligent mind, which requires not time to form a friendſhip. A ſympathy of thought, and ſimilarity of ſentiment, ſoon prepared the way for an attachment that ended but with life.

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Madeline,

Madeline, to be near her friend, engaged lodgings in Pall-Mall.

At length the expected anſwer arrived from Lady Clifford. She congratulated her ſiſter,—regretted her father's death—and would be in Town to prepare for the birth-day. "Alas," exclaimed Madeline, "where is my Ellen's heart?" "Loſt in the whirl of faſhion," replied Glendillon. He was right. Gay and thoughtleſs,—the attainment of rank, wealth, and conſequence had deadened the gentler feelings of her ſoul. High in the pride of reputation, and the ſecurity of innocence, ſhe gave unbounded indulgence to every faſhionable folly. Admiration was her glory, and pleaſure her delight:—ſhe loved her huſband—but her manners were TOO REFINED to either ſhew or confeſs the weakneſs. Whenever he ventured to remonſtrate, even in the mildeſt language, ſhe would drown his arguments with a torrent of ſatyrical raillery, or with perfect nonchalance aſſure him it did not ſuit her

her humour "to be cooped within the pale of his tame precepts." In ſome moments Lord Clifford felt regret and diſappointment, and he would ſigh at having relinquiſhed the mild virtues of Madeline, for an indifferent high ſpirited beauty.

When the morning prints announced their arrival, Madeline and her huſband immediately repaired to Piccadilly. Madeline folded her ſiſter in the tendereſt embrace; who, yielding for a moment to the force of nature, returned the kind preſſure, and forgot ſhe was a modern belle. Madeline obſerved, with ſorrowing confuſion, that the ſmear of paint covered the natural bluſh in the beautiful cheek of Ellen. She laughed loud—and was quick at repartee. "Shall I have the honor to preſent you?" ſaid her Ladyſhip to Madeline. "Preſent me, Lady Clifford?" "Yes, my dear, at Court." "It would certainly gratify both my pride and feelings, but though Mr. Glendillon's fortune can afford the elegancies of domeſtic retirement, it

it can by no means admit of ſplendor."—"Bleſs me!" exclaimed her Ladyſhip, "I am really ſorry." "Sorry!" repeated Madeline; "feel not ſorrow for me, my dear ſiſter, I would not give one kind look from theſe eyes," pointing to her huſband, "for all the ſmiles of royalty; nor one approving word from thoſe lips for the admiration of a world." "I proteſt," reſumed her Ladyſhip, "you are run wild in romance; and I ſhall expect to ſee you ſoon a l'Acardia, compoſing paſtorals, or in ſome ſun-burnt cottage." "You will ſee her," interrupted Lord Clifford, "the firſt of wives and mothers, as ſhe has ever been the firſt of women." Madeline bowed—Ellen coloured—while Glendillon's heart reſponding to the compliment, would yet have ſpared it from the lips of Lord Clifford. The whole party were confuſed; when Madeline intreated to kiſs her little nephew. "Shall I attend you to your nurſery?" "Gothic!" replied her Ladyſhip, ringing the bell; "I ſcarce know what part of the houſe it is in."

The

The infant was brought, and laid on the knee of Madeline. Kiſſing it tenderly, ſhe declared him the moſt contented little darling ſhe ever beheld. "You are vaſtly fortunate," ſaid the mother, "for it ſeldom appears in my ſight, but it directly ſets its pipes a ſqueaking." Madeline giving the child to her ſiſter, he ſmiled in her face, and dropped into a guiltleſs ſlumber. "How beautifully intereſting my Ellen appears at this moment," ſaid Lord Clifford. "Amiable indeed," returned Madeline. "Lady Clifford is always lovely," added Glendillon; "but when ſhe wears the charm of tenderneſs is irreſiſtible." "Thank ye good folks," ſaid her Ladyſhip, highly pleaſed. "So I muſt be indebted to this little urchin for your compliments." Stooping to kiſs him, he opened his eyes, and caſt a beſeeching look, when, Lady Clifford, for the firſt time, felt a maternal pang, in having repulſed the bounty of nature, and giving her child to be nouriſhed by a hireling. But faint was the impreſſion, like the goſpel ſeed which fell among

among thorns and briers, choaked by the pleaſures and vanities of life. Next evening, at a maſked ball, huſband, child, ſiſter, maternal feelings—all ſunk in general confuſion and left not a trace behind.

Mrs. Glendillon had preſented her huſband with a charming boy, and as ſhe cheriſhed him at her own kind boſom, ſeldom went out, except to Miriam's or her ſiſter's. Lady Clifford was conſtantly engaged in company, while her Lord appeared loſt in dejection. Sighs burſt from his heart, the tears guſhed from his eyes, and, ſtarting, he would abruptly leave our Heroine overwhelmed with painful confuſion; which, depreſſing her ſpirits, never failed to produce a ſentiment in her huſband, bordering on jealouſy, which determined her to make her viſits at her ſiſter's both ſeldom and ſhort. "Lord Clifford," ſaid Glendillon, (one day Madeline was lamenting her ſiſter's conduct) appears defective in that firmneſs and proper ſpirit ſo neceſſary with his wife. Why does he

he not exert his prerogative; and ſince ſhe will not be led to duty enforce it?" "Do you then approve, my Arthur, of harſh methods with our ſex? If ſo, your practice contradicts your theory. "My Madeline requires no monition," replied he; but the heart of a Lady Clifford muſt be humbled ere it will receive any ſoft impreſſion."

Lord Delahay's family arriving in Town, Lady Bab haſtened on the wings of friendſhip to Madeline; and with the pureſt ſatisfaction ſaid, ſhe rejoiced to behold a pair, formed for each other, ſo happily united. "I am come, added the agreeable girl, "to ſtay the whole day, ſo prepare your patience to endure my frivolity." Mr. Glendillon being engaged, left them; when Lady Bab exclaimed, "Poſitively that is a charming young man; and if you, my dear couſin, can but continue to remove a few jealous particles which, I have heard taint his honorable blood, you will be the moſt enviable wife in Chriſtendom." "Dear Bab," replied Madeline, "you ſurely don't

don't think him inclined to jealouſy?"—"Why, I will not deceive you, I rather do; but you are ſo prudent, it can never be excited." "No prudence," reſumed Madeline, thoughtfully, can guard againſt a ſuſpicious mind." "Suſpicious!" repeated her ladyſhip; "If the hint takes a few rounds, and at laſt reaches the ear of the accuſed, I vow, it will require as much inveſtigation as Smollet's ſtory of the three black crows, and in the end be found equally inſignificant. So not a word more, but tell me of Mrs. Herbert." "I muſt inquire about her of you," replied Madeline, "for I have not even heard of her ſince I went abroad." "Where can the little ſaint have hid herſelf?" ſaid Lady Bab. "I ſpent many agreeable hours with her after you left Bath—and really am of opinion that if ſhe perſeveres in her mild conduct, ſhe bids fair for canonization." "Dear Fanny!" exclaimed Madeline, "I fear you poſſeſs too much ſenſibility for the volatile Herbert. "Oh, he is an agreeable rattle, and were he in my trammels, he

he ſhould now and then taſte a little retaliation, which gives ſuch a zeſt to the matrimonial doſe, that he would not ſo often ſip out of another cup, *leſt* an infuſion ſhould be made in his own, that would give the potion the bitterneſs of ſhame. And truſt Bab Darville, though not a wife, that the neglect of a huſband will ſoon make the attention of a ſtranger *not* diſagreeable: and the man who would not encourage my affection, by the continuance of his own; though, for my own ſake, I would preſerve my honour; Benedict ſhould be as much mortified as if he had the ornament of a Juſtice Midas." "Bab Darville is a charming girl," replied Madeline, "but ſhe can know nothing of the thouſand heart-achs of a ſlighted wife." "A propos of Herbert," ſaid Lady Bab. "Glendillon has, no doubt, told you of his rencontre with him?" "Indeed he has not." "No! then to reach the grand climax of my characteriſtic, blabbing,—I will—

"When Glendillon came to Bath, in ſearch of you, Lord Darville, through my introduction

duction, had become very intimate with Herbert; and one day, that my father and family made a party to Briſtol, theſe three ſprigs of faſhion dined en trio. A ſlight indiſpoſition detained me at home; and going into the library adjoining the dining parlour by a private entrance, my attention was engaged by Herbert aſking Darville when he had ſeen the charming Anna Lebrunn, "When I felt the power of beauty exalted by virtue," replied my brother, "my heart diſdained a commerce with degraded and inferior charms." "Confound me, Darville," reſumed he, "if you are not incomprehenſible. Could your own poſſeſſion of a woman degrade her in your eyes? And as for inferiority, I knew Madeline Montgomery when blooming in her native ſhades, in all her glory, before her features had been "ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought," and d—m me if ſhe could ever be put in competition with Lebrunn." "Madeline Montgomery!" thundered your hero; "Dare you put purity and Madeline in competition with infamy,

ſamy, and name them in a breath?" "Dare!" repeated Herbert, with ſcorn. "Sir!" cried Glendillon, "accept this card." "My friend!" interrupted Darville, "no need for cards; we can adjuſt it now in calmneſs" "You are right, Lord Darville; the preſent moment may decide.—Mr. Herbert, we have both ſwords—or do you prefer piſtols?" "Curſe my heart-ſtrings if I feel any preference for either—but if you are much inclined for a trial at carte and tierce, or even to fire at a mark, why me voici je ſuis prét." My brother would have interpoſed,—but your fiery fellow ſternly aſked—"Darville—are you not the friend of Madeline and innocence? I would engage an army in ſuch a cauſe." The trio then haſtened from the room; and ſlow enough, Lord knows, I crept into it, and was very near what weak nerved folks would have called fainting. On my brother's return, I repaired to his apartment, and convincing him I knew a great deal—as the Free-Maſons acted by the old Ducheſs of Queenſbury, when ſhe diſcovered

part of their ſecret, he did with me, which was to diſcloſe the whole. It ſeems they retired to a diſtant field, threw off their coats, and were really ſerious. The combat was long and doubtful—for both were well acquainted with their trade. At length Herbert received Glendillon's ſword through his arm, dropped his own, and demanded coolly if he was ſatisfied? Glendillon replied, that he thirſted not for blood—but would always endeavour to correct the unlicenſed tongue which ſported with the ſacred name of innocence. I would be your friend, Mr. Herbert. Learn then to reſtrain a vivacity of ſpeech, which, if properly reſtricted, will do you honor,—but, if allowed to paſs a certain point, will lead you into error irretrievable. You have a charming wife—the friend of her I hope to make my own.—Cheriſh then her virtues in your boſom—and do not, by a commerce with impurity, devote her to ſorrow—nor, by defending an improper action or expreſſion, endanger your own being, and make her weep a lonely widow's fate.

Herbert

Herbert anſwered, "I accept your friendſhip —and aſſure you no one can more reſpect the amiable Madeline Montgomery—but that my nature cannot bear a threat. I ſhould inſtantly have apologized for an expreſſion which, however miſinterpreted by you, was not intended to convey the fainteſt compariſon between her mind and an unfortunate woman. As for perſonal beauty, it is ſuch an adventitious ſuperiority, that I am perſuaded neither are ſo far gone in Quixotiſm as to diſpute the point by arms. If this explanation ſuffices, pray help me to put on my coat; and leſt our bruire ſhould have found wings, and reached my little wife, do me the favor to accompany me to the Creſcent;—but if you feel your honor ſtill unſatisfied—a very few days will reſtore the uſe of my arm—and I hope you are convinced that I poſſeſs too much ſpirit to decline any future appointment you may do me the honor to make." In perfect amity Glendillon aſſiſted to bind up his arm, ſaying, "Leſs, my dear Sir, would have diſarmed my reſentment than

you have ſaid.—But I hope the rencontre will not be unprofitable to either. It may teach you propriety, and me forbearance. And now let us wait upon your Lady."

"Herbert told Fanny the whole. No reproach eſcaped her ſoft lips—but, with a ſaint like eye, ſhe thanked Heaven for his preſervation. They quitted Bath ſome weeks before us—nor have I been able to diſcover them ſince. And now my hiſtory is concluded."

Our Heroine experienced the ſweeteſt ſenſations in nurſing the young Arthur—while the delighted Glendillon would caſt on her ſuch complacent looks as animated the features of our General Parent, when he beheld his firſt-born ſleeping on the boſom of his charming Eve. Lady Clifford ſeldom came near her ſiſter; and when ſhe did, behaved with ſuch cold politeneſs, that her viſits rather conveyed pain than pleaſure to her ſenſible heart. Madeline and Miriam enjoyed

joyed their friendſhip uninterrupted—and promiſed themſelves much pleaſure in the return of Joſiah, who was expected the following year. Lord Darville was gone to the continent, much reformed, and reſtored to the friendſhip of his couſin, whom he worſhipped as ſomething more than mortal.—Madeline and her huſband were among the happieſt of beings. In him the ardour of the lover was indeed abated—but it was ſucceeded by a ſentiment more exquiſitely pure and ſweet—his eſteem was heightened—his friendſhip enlivened—and though he could behold her with leſs of that emotion, which, in a heart warm as his, approached to a degree of pain, yet ſtill his fondneſs augmented, as a nearer contemplation of her excellence gave ſolidity to his regard. She loved with a gentle warmth of paſſion which had eſteem and confidence for its baſis—her affection was pure and exalted—and ſhe had pronounced herſelf perfectly happy, had not her huſband's propenſity to jealouſy (which her

meekneſs termed a quickneſs of ſenſibility) ſometimes thrown a ſhade over his virtues, and given a ſallow hue to their ſofteſt comforts. But ſhe deſpaired not of ſeeing the empoiſoned weed wither'd by her own irreproachable conduct, and unremitting attention to his wiſhes. Sweet woman! alas! ſhe little thought, that like the creeping herb among a bed of flowers, it entwines itſelf about the roots—and deeply muſt the pruning knife oft probe before it can be eradicated.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

MADELINE was one day ſeated in her nurſery, with little Arthur ſleeping on her knee, when a letter was delivered from Lady Bab, containing theſe few words, "Let me ſee you, my dear creature, if but for five minutes. I wiſh your counſel in a matter which gives me extreme uneaſineſs. Not a word to Glendillon, elſe we ſhall have the whole artillery of battle diſplayed in a moment. Your's moſt ſincerely, B. D."

"What can diſturb the ſpirits of my lively couſin?" ſaid Madeline to Mrs. Glanville, who was with her. Mr. Glendillon appear-

ing, ſhe put the card haſtily into her pocket, felt her face glow, but hoped he had not obſerved any of her motions. Mrs. Glanville returned home—and during dinner Mr. Glendillon was unuſually grave. At the deſert little Arthur was introduced. Madeline offered him to his father, who ſaid coldly, "Lay him on the ſofa if you are fatigued." She obeyed—and returning, took his hand, kindly inquiring if he was unwell. "No." "Are you then diſpleaſed, my love?"—"Diſpleaſed, Madeline! are you conſcious of having deſerved my diſpleaſure?" "Indeed Arthur I am not." "Then want of confidence is no offence, Mrs. Glendillon." She raiſed her eyes—and he continued, "Pray, if I may be indulged ſo far—what was it you wiſhed ſo carefully to conceal from me this morning?" "Conceal," repeated ſhe, conſciouſly: "Indeed, I am ſure—I—I have no concealments—" "Does your preſent confuſion imply ſincerity? Learn, Madeline, that the innocent mind needs no diſguiſe;" and, with a piercing look, he quitted the

the room. Her boſom throbbed with a painful ſenſation, while the tears ruſhed in her eyes—and giving her child to his maid, ſhe reſolved inſtantly to viſit her conſin, that ſhe might be enabled to vindicate herſelf, and reſtore peace to the mind of her huſband.

As ſhe croſſed the hall of Lord Delahay, the door of his ſtudy opened—when to her aſtoniſhed ſight appeared Joſeph Cleveland! Stopping a moment, he approached, when with a look of ineffable diſdain, ſhe aſcended the ſtairs. "You ſeem alarmed, my dear," ſaid her aunt, as ſhe ſat down. "I am indeed, my dear Madam, and much ſurpriſed at the appearance of a perſon I encountered below." "Who was it, James?" demanded her ladyſhip of an attending footman. "Mr. Barlow, my lady," replied he. "Oh, he is your uncle's ſecretary, Madeline."—"Has he had that honor long," aſked ſhe. "Only a few months," replied his Lordſhip. "But how has he alarmed you?" "I ought not to be too ſevere," ſaid Madeline, "nor

impreſs you with an unfavorable opinion, on account of a deception which neceſſity once obliged myſelf to practiſe—but I know no good motive he can have to aſſume a feigned name." Lord Delahay expreſſed much ſurpriſe; and requeſting an explanation, ſhe related a few ſimple facts, and concluded with his relationſhip to the late Sir Joſeph Cleveland. "He was recommended to me," returned his Lordſhip, "as a young man of abilities, but I find him rather inattentive of late, and mean to part with him.

It may be neceſſary to acquaint the reader, that Joſeph Cleveland was the dark aſſaſſin who intended the deſtruction of the good Joſiah Primroſe; who, when he found his baſe plot defeated by the timely reſcue of Captain Glanville, fear of diſcovery induced him to abſcond. His father's death leaving him expoſed to poverty and deſerved contempt, having been long a gentleman gameſter, he then reſolved to adopt it as a profeſſion: he was ſo complete a maſter, that he

played

played the whole game with amazing ſucceſs; appeared in faſhionable company, was a member of a reputable club. When at a maſquerade, he became acquainted with Lady Anne Darville, who, naturally being of a weak underſtanding, and very ſuſceptible to flattery, was gratified by his adulation, and giving him every opportunity to privately addreſs her, ſhe ſoon found her affections engaged. And an earl's daughter, with twenty thouſand pounds, independent of her father, was certainly a deſirable object for the needy Joſeph Cleveland. To her he paſſed himſelf as the legitimate heir of the unhappy Baronet; entreated permiſſion to addreſs her privately, as he feared the Earl's refuſal, on account of the deranged ſtate of his affairs—adding, that a few years would pay off the mortgage with which his father had burdened a valuable eſtate, when he ſhould be enabled to introduce the charming Lady Anne with that éclat her rank and beauty demanded. Unable to ſupport a few months abſence, when Lord

Delahay went to the country, Lady Anne had him recommended as his Lordſhip's ſecretary. And three days before this period had become the victim of his deceptions, by beſtowing her hand upon him in a church little frequented in the city. And Lady Bab having diſcovered him coming out of her ſiſter's apartment early in the morning, was overwhelmed with vexation—yet at a loſs how to act in the humiliating affair, diſpatched the card, already mentioned, to her couſin, reſolving to be guided by her advice. Her ladyſhip and ſiſter were abſent when Madeline arrived at her uncle's, conſequently knew not of her rencontre with Mr. Cleveland, or the ſtrictures which ſhe had made on his former conduct, which when ſhe repeated to Lady Bab, alarmed all the feelings of a ſiſter in her boſom. The appearance of Madeline convinced the too fortunate villain that a diſcovery approached; and as his aim was fully anſwered, he diſcloſed their marriage next morning, when they were ordered from the houſe with every

mark

mark of diſgrace; the huſband behaving with inſolence, and her ladyſhip with perfect indifference.

Our Heroine in the mean time returned home, happy in the idea of removing uneaſineſs from the mind of her huſband, who, when he quitted the room ſo abruptly, retired, encouraging the notions of fancied injuries, and imputing to his wife a ſhare of deception to which her guileleſs nature was a ſtranger. Impatient for an explanation, he however ſoon returned—when finding her gone out, love, jealouſy, and diſpleaſure beat with confuſion in his breaſt. The more he conſidered—the more deeply he was impreſſed with the idea that the concealed note was from Lord Clifford, and that ſhe had obeyed his ſummons—when he might complain of her ſiſter, regret his fatal preference, hint a revived paſſion; and what ſoft ideas might not thoſe remembrances raiſe in the boſom of his wife. Gratitude for former favors—regard for various virtues—regret for his diſappointment,

diſappointment, ſhe might ſigh, weep, and pity him. Then ſhe appeared to his enraptured fancy, the ſoft, tender attached Madeline: he was half compoſed with that ſoothing idea, when the magic wand of jealouſy, ſhifting the ſcene, he beheld her reclining on the boſom of Lord Clifford, in the ſtudy, receiving his careſſes, while the remembered words "too ſecure in her regard to fear, &c." reverberating on his ear—deprived him of reaſon. He was yielding to perfect frenzy, when the fair ſuſpected Madeline advanced, and, with the ſmile of innocence, offered to ſalute him. That pleaſure her preſence never failed to inſpire, for a moment ſoothed him—but giving way to former doubts, with the moſt unkind air he ſaid, "I had flattered myſelf, Madeline, that you would not have ſo lightly regarded my diſpleaſure, as to leave me under its influence. Are you aware of the conſequence?" She replied with a queſtion—"Will you have the kindneſs to accept my excuſe?" "Then it does require kindneſs?" "Are you not unreaſonable,

unreaſonable, Arthur?" "Unreaſonable, Madam! Suppoſe me not a tool—a Clifford, to be moved at pleaſure by every air caprice thinks proper to aſſume—I will be the huſband." "Lord Clifford's tenderneſs deſerves a milder epithet," replied the aſtoniſhed wife. "Dare you be confident to me? But perhaps you reſerve your ſoftneſs, when next you meet, to tell him of our difference in opinion." "The *duty* which I owe you," returned ſhe, "reſtrains my anſwer—but it is ungenerous to wound a heart too tender to reproach." She then leaned on her hand, weeping. Her tears ſoftened his diſpleaſure, and awoke his love. "Conſcious error," thought he, "could never wear ſuch innocence of aſpect." "Madeline," ſaid he, "I cannot view thoſe weeping eyes unmoved,"—and preſſing her to his boſom, "look up my love—tell me why you would not truſt me—why you left me ſo unhappy." She withdrew from his arms, and preſented her couſin's note, with a look which ſunk deeper than could ten thouſand words. He

peruſed

peruſed it, when his ſuſpicion, anger, reproach, and unkindneſs, all united to wring his heart, while remorſe and confuſion fluſhed his cheek. Madeline relieved him not—ſhe wiſhed him to ſuffer—in order to deter him in future from yielding to the dangerous influence of jealouſy. In a few minutes, becoming leſs embarraſſed, in the humbleſt manner he aſked if ſhe could forgive him. "On one condition it ſhall be entirely forgotten," replied ſhe. "Name it, my wronged love!—direct your Arthur how to pleaſe you."—"Your happineſs," ſaid ſhe, with ſweet ſolemnity, "will ever be my pleaſure—and to inſure it—beg of Heaven to ſhield your heart from jealouſy—which, if indulged, will ſtrew our pillow with the thorns of anguiſh—and drive us down the precipice of miſery."—With a reconciling kiſs ſhe then retired to cheriſh her little darling. "I will puniſh you," ſaid ſhe, on her return, "by relating my unpleaſant adventure at Lord Delahay's;" when ſhe addreſſed him with ſuch enchanting ſweetneſs, that had ſhe been telling the intrigues

trigues of half the lady Annes in Britain, he had been perfectly indifferent, and only attended to the gentle relater.

Lady Bab paid Madeline an early visit next morning, when, for the first time, she beheld chagrin on her amiable cousin's features. She could offer no consolation—and good naturedly joined her in tears, when they were interrupted by Lady Clifford and Mrs. Glanville. "Melpomene and her sister personated," exclaimed her ladyship, laughing. "I have just left Clifford deploring and turning up his eyes. Entre nous, Bab, had he ever a tendre for Lady Anne?" "I never heard him profess one," replied her ladyship, coolly. "If he had, most probably Lady Clifford had not now exulted over a deluded cousin." "Exult!" repeated she: "nay, positively, I am vastly sorry." "Thy sorrow weareth a very gay form, friend Clifford," said Miriam. "Ellen was born to smile," interrupted her sister, fearing some repartee. "Can you leave your bantling for one evening?"

ing?" resumed Lady Clifford. "Certainly." "Well then, I expect you to my public card party on the fifth." "You must excuse me on *that* day, Lady Clifford—it is Sunday—and *I* have not yet forgot the principles imbibed at Montgomery." "Upon my conscience, Mrs. Glendillon, such prejudice is a ridiculous affectation of morality—and absolutely displays religion in such forbidding colours, that the young and gay fly from her shrine with disgust. Before I knew the world, my notions were confined like your own; but now, free, and unclouded by superstition, I believe the mercy of Heaven unbounded; and whatever the priests may tell us—will never condemn a poor soul for an innocent enjoyment on Sunday evening." Mrs. Glanville, half petrified, raised her meek eyes. The modern education of Lady Bab had never taught her it was wrong. But Madeline, shocked at her sister's estrangement from rectitude, replied "If the pure spirits of your sainted parents can look down, with what bitterness, Oh, Ellen! will they behold their

their darling diſhonoring their memory, and forſaking their precepts, by a purſuit in every deſtructive pleaſure. Think you ſee their ſacred forms deſcend, meekly imploring you to awaken from a dangerous dream, which will lure you to ruin." "When they *do* deſcend," interrupted her ladyſhip, with cold ſcorn, "the wonderful phenomenon will certainly effect my converſion. Until then—you muſt permit me to ſay, I know as well how to pleaſe the good folks in the other world as Mrs. Glendillon." "Oh, Ellen—forbear!—you cannot want inſtruction—the ſacred page"—"Is too high for me," rejoined her ladyſhip. "What is beyond your comprehenſion place to the account of faith—but be not deluded by the ſophiſtry of a vain licentious world." "Pray, Madeline, leave me to take câre of my own ſoul—for were I to liſten much longer to you, I ſhould believe myſelf in the high road to purgatory at leaſt—ſo a good morning." "Such is the danger of greatneſs on a young unſteady mind," ſaid Mrs. Glanville, as her ladyſhip

ladyſhip left the room. "Oh, thou eternal Ruler of the heart!" exclaimed Madeline, "accept my prayer for a beloved ſiſter!—Remove the ſad illuſion which deceives her—and before thy day of mercy cloſes, grant ſome portion of thy Spirit!—"perfect a godly ſorrow!" and renovate her ſlumbering conſcience. *Then* ſooth the poor returning penitent, and give delight to thy ſurrounding angels!" "Sweet enthuſiaſt!" cried Glendillon, entering behind her;—"impaſſive beings liſten to thy voice—bear thy ſoft prayers on high—when miniſtering ſpirits will deſcend, and bleſs thee with a gracious anſwer."

Several weeks elapſed, and Mrs. Glendillon had not ſeen her ſiſter, except once at the theatre, when a bow from the oppoſite ſide of the houſe was all that paſt. Lord Clifford ſometimes called, and appeared ſo dejected and unhappy, that though the gentle Madeline ſhed the ſecret tear for his diſappointed hopes, conſcious of her huſband's fatal

fatal propenſity, eluded every particular converſation, and indeed behaved with ſuch reſtrained kindneſs, that his Lordſhip received as little conſolation there as comfort at home. Unwilling to let the weak embers of affection expire in the boſom of her ſiſter, Madeline one morning propoſed paying her a viſit. "I will attend you, my love," ſaid her huſband. "If you pleaſe, Arthur," replied ſhe; "but as I wiſh to be alone with Ellen, would rather that you called, when we can return together." The point was agreed—and Madeline ſet out. On inquiring if Lady Clifford was at home, the ſervant replied in the affirmative, and conducted her to her ladyſhip's dreſſing room, where Lord Clifford reclined on a ſofa, his countenance pale with anger, and a wild anguiſh darting from his eyes. He ſnatched her hand, and wringing it in agony, exclaimed "Oh, Madeline! why didſt thou curſe me with my wiſhes! why reſign me to an ingrateful woman! who deluded me with promiſes of mutual love!" "She does love you,"

you," replied Madeline, melting into tears; "but you deſtroy your peace by indulgence. Be adviſed, Lord Clifford—my brother!—be adviſed—exert your own conſequence—and by a determined conduct, enforce the claim you have upon her duty." She was interrupted by Mrs. Johnſon, the old houſe-keeper, exclaiming, "For the love of goodneſs, my dear madam, give ſome nouriſhment to this dear baby," holding out the little Frederick: "my lady is ſurely bewitched—and ſtruck the nurſe, who has left the houſe, and the infant to periſh." Madeline took the ſweet innocent—his feeble plaints reached her heart—while embarraſſed, ſhe knew not how to act. When Lord Clifford delicately retiring to the window, ſhe laid the child to her breaſt. His lordſhip reſeating himſelf, gazed on her intereſting figure with painful emotion. Her ladyſhip entered, dreſſed to go out—and, with vexation, obſerved the looks her huſband caſt on Madeline. She had been often mortified and offended by his encomiums on a ſiſter ſhe would in no way imitate.

imitate. Her mind received a taint of jealouſy, and the preſent ſcene conveyed a piercing ſting. "Good morning! Mrs. Glendillon," ſaid her ladyſhip, haughtily.—"I proteſt that is ſuch a ſtretch of maternal folly—that I ſhall expect to ſee you ſoon nurſing your brat in the public theatre." "It is a ſtretch of pity," retorted Madeline, "which your ladyſhip ought to bluſh for having excited." Mrs. Glendillon's flights," returned ſhe, "are ſo far above my humble ideas, that I can only underſtand they convey an inſult which I muſt deſire ſhe will reſerve in future for her tyrant at home." "Ellen," ſaid her lord, "I beſeech you to deſiſt!—Is your own child unknown? Your unbecoming anger inducing you to ſtrike his nurſe, he was left to famiſh—when your ſiſter, with that ſweetneſs peculiar to her nature, has given him the nouriſhment of her own boſom. Dear Mrs. Glendillon," taking her by the hand, "pardon your ſiſter." A ſervant at that moment introducing Mr. Glendillon.—His lordſhip, from ſome impellant motion, dropped

dropped her hand. She felt confuſion fluſh her cheek—when looking in her huſband's face, ſhe beheld an expreſſion which made her tremble. "Attempt not, my lord," reſumed her ladyſhip, "to ſolicit pardon for me—when I alone have right to be offended. Nor think, madam," addreſſing her ſiſter, "that becauſe you relinquiſhed a heart—however envied *now*, you *then* diſdained—that I will ſubmit to an inſolence which the revolting preference of an eſtranged huſband you may ſuppoſe empowers you to offer.—Mr. Glendillon—go and teach your wife her duty." She then rung the bell—and commanding a ſervant to take the child—quitted the room. Lord Clifford appeared transfixed to his ſeat, and uttered not a word, while Mr. Glendillon took the hand of his poor trembling wife, and, with a diſtant bow, led her out. "What am I to think," exclaimed he, in a ſevere voice, when ſeated in the coach, "What am I to think of what I have ſeen? I beheld you foſtering the child of Clifford, while he preſſed your hand. At my approach, through conſcious

conſcious guilt, he drops it, and the burning bluſh of ſhame kindles in your cheek. Yet I am blamed for jealouſy. I heard Lady Clifford raving for an eſtranged huſband—accuſe her ſiſter of allurement—of envying her lot—and with ſcornful pity, bid me teach my wife her duty. Yet I am called ſuſpicious. Falſe! enſnaring Madeline! now juſtify thy conduct if thou dareſt." "Oh," replied ſhe, claſping her hands, "be merciful! nor add reproach to what I ſuffer.—Indeed! indeed! Glendillon, I am innocent!" "Wretched woman! Yes—I thank my caution that permitted not for guilt an opportunity. But you ſhall learn—that I diſdain a tainted heart—and ſcorn that virtue which ſuſpicious care alone preſerves." On the coach ſtopping, he coolly handed her up ſtairs—her child was brought to her crying. "That voice," ſaid her huſband, "hath loſt its power.—Lord Clifford's boy—uſurps its claim." She looked up meekly—received her infant, and ſighed in ſilence. "It is my command," reſumed he ſternly. "that you

confine yourſelf at home." Then leaving the room, he ſoon after went out. "I thank thee yet, Almighty God!" exclaimed the injured wife, "that my poor father never can know the bitter portion of his Madeline. Oh, grave, uncloſe thy cold dark boſom, and receive me! There no cruel ſiſter, no ſuſpecting huſband can diſturb me, and I ſhall reſt in peace!"

It was now that the envonomed worm of jealouſy gnawed with uneaſy rancour the boſom of Glendillon—while its fatal influence embittered the guiltleſs life of the amiable Madeline. No domeſtic comfort now cheered their dwelling. Every joy was blighted—every hope obſcured—their days were wretched—and their nights were ſad. He never ſpoke but with a chilling ſternneſs—nor Madeline reply but with a trembling fear. On the boſom of her ever faithful, ever attached Miriam, ſhe ſighed out her ſorrows,—but Glendillon indulged not even that poor comfort, but with indignant grief,

and proud reſtraint, diſdained complaint. Often the requeſt of ſeparation reached the lips of Madeline, when terror arreſted the words. Often ſhe would have knelt, and aſked for pity; but as if her huſband ſuſpected her deſign, ſome ſevere expreſſion, or chilling look, would repreſs the fond attempt. In a little time her health began to decline, her complexion faded, her appetite failed, and a ſlow hectic fever ſhook her ſuffering frame. Her huſband's ſeverity then relaxed, and ſhe was permitted to go out to Mrs. Glanville's. His reſentment ſpringing from the ſource of love, began to ſubſide, when he beheld with what unreproaching ſweetneſs ſhe ſubmitted to all his unkindneſs and reſtrictions: and when he would have replied to any meek requeſt with harſhneſs, his tremulous accent and ſoftened voice proclaimed returning love. Peace perhaps had once more deigned to bleſs their days, had not ſome circumſtances occured which brought his fatal paſſion to a dreadful climax.

CHAP. XXXVI.

SOME indiſpenſable buſineſs obliging Mr. Glendillon to go a few miles from Town. Previous to his departure, he impreſſed a kiſs unuſually tender on the lips of his ſtill beloved Madeline—when burſting into tears, ſhe exclaimed, "My own Arthur!" He was affected—and replying, "Weep not Madeline—perhaps we may yet be happy," left her indulging the ſweeteſt hopes of his returning love and confidence. Impatient to ſhare her happineſs with her dear Miriam—after dinner ſhe ordered a coach to be called; deſiring

deſiring her maid to inform Mr. Glendillon ſhe was at Captain Glanville's. As ſhe paſſed through the hall, a ſervant of Lord Clifford's preſented the following note:——"If Mrs. Glendillon has ſtill affection enough left—and will vouchſafe to confirm a laſting favor on an unworthy ſiſter—ſhe will haſten immediately to Piccadilly."——For a moment ſhe ſtood irreſolute. Various arguments perſuaded and diſſuaded; when the thought that Lady Clifford's avowal of wrong would promote reconciliation with her huſband, determined her—and ſtepping into the coach, ſhe ordered it to Piccadilly.

When ſhe arrived, Summers conducted her to the drawing-room—when ſeeing only Lord Clifford, ſhe ſtarted, and would have inſtantly retired. "Stay matchleſs excellence," ſaid he, "nor fear offence from one who worſhips virtue." His lordſhip was recovering from a fever, and was pale and weak.—Madeline pitied him—but ſhe had ſuffered for pity—and replied, "I imagined Lady

Clifford expected me." "One moment, I conjure you, Mrs. Glendillon, liſten to a dying man. Your ſiſter's conduct has deſtroyed my peace—nor has it added to the bliſs of Madeline. In vain I have endeavoured to convince your huſband—he returns my letters, and abjures my preſence. Had he not been the beloved of your heart, his ſcorn had been repaid,—but now reſentment calms—the world and I muſt part. Yet ere I go for ever, hear the laſt words of Clifford." Madeline trembled, while his Lordſhip, kneeling, continued. "All righteous God is witneſs, Madeline, that I could not wrong thine innocence, nor ſtain thy angel purity, not even in thought, to gain the deareſt wiſhes of my ſoul—and that I love and honor you above all human beings. Then, deareſt woman, ſafe in theſe aſſurances, will you vouchſafe one promiſe to a wretched man?" A thouſand nameleſs fears agonized her gentle boſom—ſhe replied "Delay not then—danger may await me." He reſumed, "I have a ſon—who may be ſoon an orphan—be his

mother!

mother! Preſent this letter to your huſband —farewell! and may eternal bleſſings fall around you!" The meek ſpirit of our Heroine almoſt failed her; while Lord Clifford, ſtill kneeling, preſſed her hand. She ſtaggered, and fainted in his arms; when the door burſt open, and Lady Clifford, followed by Glendillon, entered. Gracious Heaven! what a moment. Madeline, unconſcious of her ſtate, lay breathleſs in the trembling arms of the unhappy Clifford. The features of Ellen were convulſed with various paſſions. "Wittol! huſband!" ſhrieked ſhe, "look there—behold your love—your wife—the virtuous Madeline. Vile woman! let me tear a huſband's heart from thy deteſted boſom." She ruſhed forward, but overcome with varied agony, fell breathleſs on the ſofa. The darkened breaſt of Glendillon was a hell—while jealouſy, the raging fiend, darted envenomed ſtings. Approaching Lord Clifford, with a deep determined tone, he ſaid, "To-morrow morning, in the Green Park, I ſhall expect you at five—

to compleat your glorious work." Then taking the arm of Madeline, who was juſt returning to a ſenſe of miſery, heedleſs of her weakneſs, dragged her along. The night was cold and wet—ſhe ſunk at every ſtep—but Glendillon cared not if each had been her laſt.

On reaching home, her maid ſupported her to her chamber, while her huſband with his pencil wrote to Captain Glanville,—" In the morning, at four, attend your friend—Diſhonor—blood—death—No more. A. G." After which, aſcending the ſtairs, at the door of his wife he made a full ſtop. Her ſighs pierced his ear—he debated—ſhould ſhe fall firſt.—No—her guilt deſerved to feel a deeper pang. Entering, he beheld her alone on her knees, her eyes fixed, her face pale, and all expreſſion fled. Poor wretch! where were thy thoughts, when even thy infant was forgotten! Sweet innocent! he ſlept, unconſcious of his mother's fate. Glendillon threw himſelf upon the floor—his ſword lay by him.

" That

"That lovely form," ſaid he, "Is it the ſhrine of guilt, of baſe pollution! Blackened angel!" He graſped his ſword. "It would be mercy now, when ſenſe is abſent." He ſeemed to revolve—when replacing the ſword, the clock from St. James's church ſtruck four—he ſtarted. "A few ſhort moments more, and Glendillon will be—murdered—or a murderer—No matter which—I felt the pang of hell when Madeline forſook me." Captain Glanville arrived, and conjured him to unfold the dreadful myſtery. "Behold it there," cried he, pointing to his wife. "Only one day I left her, and ſhe flew to Clifford—I found them—no matter how—the hour approaches to avenge and die. Sweet fatal wretch," he added, leaning over her, fare thee well!" He ſtooped to take a parting kiſs, when ſtarting, he exclaimed, "Confuſion! the polluted kiſs of Clifford bliſters on my lips." She fell backwards—and they left her, Glanville ordering her maid to attend her, and ſend for aſſiſtance.

When they reached the Green Park, Lord Clifford was there, leaning on Summers. On their approach, he retired to the carriage, which waited at ſome diſtance, with a ſurgeon. The combatants bowed, when Lord Clifford in a weak voice ſaid, "I wiſh to die, Glendillon—but would not have thee for my murderer—Thy wife—" The ſight and voice rouſed every ſtormy paſſion in his ſoul. "Specious villain!" he replied, "Draw." "I forgive thee; yet liſten ere too late." "Blackened coward! curſes ſtop thy tongue—defend thyſelf. Clifford advanced—a peal of thunder ſhook the gloomy ſky—and lightning quivered at their feet, "Behold," reſumed his lordſhip, "Heaven itſelf vouchſafes to interpoſe." "Canting coward! nothing ſhall avail thee—at thy heart." Reſentful paſſion now urged the arm of Clifford; he drew—but inſtantly retreating, ſaid, "Yet one moment's pauſe, Oh! raſh Glendillon, ſpare thyſelf remorſe. I am below the reach of comfort—lured by beauty, I ſcorned the bleſſing which ever ſmiles

ſmiles on thee—and death—" "D——n choak thee," interrupted Glendillon; "I can bear no more." They engaged. Lord Clifford feebly parried ſeveral thruſts, when deſignedly leaving his breaſt expoſed, received the ſword of Glendillon through his body, and fell. The purple ſtream, iſſuing from his noble boſom, damped the fury of the victor, and he flew to ſupport him. "Glendillon!" ſaid his Lordſhip, faintly, "I forgive thee—thy wife is pure as angel innocence—nor have I wronged thee even in thought. Hadſt thou peruſed my letters, this had been prevented. I ſent for Madeline to bequeath my infant to her care and thine, and to preſent thee a letter with my laſt requeſts—farewell! My heart grows ſick." The ſurgeon afforded every poſſible aſſiſtance, and with Summers attended his Lordſhip home.

But ſay ye whoſe hearts can feel—what were the emotions of Glendillon! Language reſigns the taſk, and imagination fails. No-

thing can deſcribe the horrors of a mind which, led by baneful jealouſy, murdered an innocent friend, and deſtroyed a virtuous wife. Frantic agony ſhook his frame almoſt to diſſolution. He ſeized his ſword, yet ſtained with Clifford's blood, and fearleſs would have ruſhed upon eternity—but Glanville wreſting it from him, exclaimed, "Your wife!" and ſupported him home. Haſtening to the chamber of Madeline, he found her in a burning fever—attended by Mrs. Glanville. The early departure of her huſband had alarmed her—and being informed he was gone to Mr. Glendillons, ſhe followed—and ſeeing her beloved friend in that unhappy ſituation, reſolved not to leave her. Mr. Glanville anxiouſly entreated Glendillon to retire, until the fate of Lord Clifford was decided—but the very thought increaſed his agony—and, could he have forced himſelf from the bed of his ſuffering wife, had ſurrendered himſelf to juſtice.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

MR. GLANVILLE haſtened to the houſe of Lord Clifford, to inquire the opinion of the phyſicians, reſpecting his Lordſhip—when Summers informed him his wound was pronounced dangerous, though not mortal—and that quiet, and ſecluſion from every one, were declared neceſſary towards the preſervation of his life. Summers knew the whole tranſaction; and acquainted Captain Glanville, that when Mr. Glendillon and his wife departed, the preceding evening, his Lordſhip felt ſuch indignant reſentment againſt

againſt his lady, that when ſhe recovered from her fainting fit, he ordered her from his preſence, with a command never more to appear before him. During the night ſhe raved, and blamed her jealous raſhneſs, until near four o'clock, when ſhe fell into a perturbed ſlumber, from which ſhe was awoke by the ſcreams of the alarmed domeſtics, when their Lord was brought home apparently dead. Eſcaping from her women, ſhe ruſhed down ſtairs, when beholding her huſband's condition, fell into ſtrong convulſions. They were both attended to bed—And while Mr. Glanville was with Summers, he heard they were tolerably compoſed.

That our readers may not ſuppoſe the appearance of Lady Clifford and Mr. Glendillon proceeded from any ſupernatural agency, it is neceſſary to inform them of the train of circumſtances which occaſioned their arrival in Lord Clifford's drawing-room in a moment ſo fatal to our amiable Heroine.

When

When her huſband embraced her in the morning, previous to his ride to ſurvey a little villa, which he intended to purchaſe, he felt a returning kindneſs—and his mind naturally generous, though tinged with a baleful hue—when reaſon reſumed her empire, began to hope, that though appearances were prepoſſeſſingly againſt her, he had more cauſe to ſuſpect that the jealouſy of Lady Clifford had induced her to utter ſuch provoking taunts, than to believe ſuch ſanctity of manners as Madeline ever evinced, deſerved them. And when he reflected with what uncomplaining patience ſhe had endured the harſh reſtraint he impoſed, he began to hope that an eſtranged heart would have been leſs meek, and made ſtronger reſiſtance to regain its liberty. He therefore reſolved, on his return, to enter on an explanation, and if ſhe could juſtify her conduct according to his ideas of propriety, reſtore her to his former confidence and tenderneſs. In the romantic villa, which he had determined to purchaſe, he pourtrayed a variety of charming domeſtic

ſcenes,

ſcenes, when Madeline, lovely, kind, and unſuſpected, with his little Arthur, would render it a paradiſe. Occupied with theſe pleaſing contemplations, he returned to Town—and with that vivacity he purſued every intention, repaired to her dreſſing-room. Her maid informing him her lady was at Captain Glanville's,—kiſſing his boy, he ſaid ſoftly—then I will follow—and if thy charming mother hath been wronged, her friends ſhall witneſs my contrition.

On his arrival at Captain Glanville's he found him and his wife fondling the young Madeline. His friend welcomed him with pleaſure—but a frowning reſerve ſat on the brow of Miriam. She had reſpected the many virtues of Glendillon, and long eſteemed him worthy of her friend—whom ſhe conſidered an epitome of female excellence—but his late ſevere conduct towards her, had inſpired even her mildneſs with a ſentiment which, if not contempt, was ſomething between it and diſlike. But what was the paſſion

paſſion that aſſailed Glendillon when he heard ſhe had not been there! It was neither dread, jealouſy, nor anger—it was all blended. But ſoon yielding to anxiety for her ſafety, he exclaimed, "Good God! where can ſhe be!" "Whither thee mayſt have driven her," replied Miriam, with bitterneſs. "Spare me," ſaid he; "I came to ſooth her with returning love. From exceſs of fondneſs I may have erred—but reaſon breaks the cloud ſuſpicion formed—but I will kneel for pity." "Poor man," interrupted Miriam, "that could ſuffer mean diſtruſt to wrong ſuch ſanctity of truth. Yet ſhe will pity thee—for relentleſs as thee haſt been, ſhe loves thee. But take thee care, in future, friend Glendillon, that thy bad thoughts tranſport thee not beyond the reach of grace." Hardly attending to her counſels, he returned home, in a condition pitiable indeed—and aſking innumerable queſtions—was anſwered that ſhe went out about ſix o'clock, in her uſual dreſs, and in *un*-uſual ſpirits. His uneaſineſs reaching the kitchen, a houſe-

maid

maid ſaid ſhe heard her lady order the coach to Piccadilly. This information being given, he flew from the houſe with the rage of a maniac. Every ſoft idea, returning tenderneſs, and good reſolution were forgotten, and jealouſy, with all its horrors, took poſſeſſion of his heart. Madeline's emotion at his departure, her unuſual ſpirits, ſaying ſhe was gone to Captain Glanville's, and ordering the coach to Piccadilly, a ſpot more hateful to him than Pandæmonium itſelf, and on the firſt day his abſence afforded opportunity, all conſpired to ſtrengthen the black ſuſpicion that ſhe flew with rapture to the preferred boſom of Lord Clifford. Poor Madeline! thy evil planet reigned that gloomy night! As he rapped at the gate, her ladyſhip's carriage arrived, and ſhe ſtepped out. "Have you been long abſent?" demanded the tortured huſband. Surpriſed at his appearance, and thoughtleſs of his queſtion, ſhe replied, "I am half dead with terror—have been at the play—the piece was hiſſed a riot enſued—when by a meer coup de bon-

heur

heur I have eſcaped without broken bones." "And," added he, "have afforded one d—d moment to ſink me in perdition." The contagion ſtruck the boſom of Lady Clifford, and ſhe trembled with emotion—when Glendillon, with his foot, burſt open the door in that eventful minute Madeline had fainted. Love expired, ſuſpicion was loſt in apparent certainty, hope fled before deſpair, and unreſtrained vengeance raged with fury. All the paſſions which invade the mind of a proud woman, believing herſelf ſcorned, convulſed the frame of Lady Clifford, and with difficulty ſhe uttered the few cruel words related.

Here, Oh daughters and ſons of humanity! permit a female pen to deprecate the dæmon of ſuſpicion. Spurn the firſt approach. If once encouraged—like to that ſubtle poiſon, of which the *ſlighteſt* taint envenoms every vein—it diffuſes its dire influence, and embitters every hour of life. And ſhould ever circumſtances riſe to juſtify a doubt

a doubt of love, or truth of friendſhip—be warned—and liſten to the voice of caution ſounding in your ears—Grant this to poſſibility of innocence. The world, alas! is pregnant with misfortunes. Oh! then, ungoverned paſſion, be not the accoucheur, nor multiply the evils of mortality.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

EVERY day added to the recovery of Lord Clifford—and her ladyſhip, fatally convinced of the dangerous errors of her conduct, attended his languid ſtate with the moſt gentle and unremitting care. A thouſand times ſhe implored his pardon for her

her follies; promiſing, by every thing dear and ſacred, to reform her manners, and in future be the affectionate wife, the tender mother, kind ſiſter, and reaſonable woman. His lordſhip encouraged her contrition, but received not her ſoft advances with that delight ſhe once experienced. But awakened to a ſenſe of duty, ſhe conſidered that by her conduct, ſhe had forfeited every claim to kindneſs. And when he once, in preſſing her hand, ſaid, he perhaps might live to afford her an opportunity to prove her ſincerity, replied with much humility, "Indeed, my Frederick, I am ſincere! Let your returning ſmiles encourage my reformation; I aſk not approving love until I have deſerved it."

Lady Clifford's heart had long been buried in the whirl of diſſipation. Young, great, rich, and beautiful, ſhe received ſuch deference and admiration, that all the gentler feelings were forgotten, the ſofter claims rejected, and the virtues treated as unworthy the practice of a faſhionable woman. But

no

no ſooner had a ſhade of affliction obſcured her darling pleaſures, than the mild beams of awakened reaſon diſcloſed their unſolid advantages, and taught her that the path of rectitude was the only road to happineſs. The moſt amiable virtues had been early implanted in her mind by a careful education, and encouraged by the example of excellent parents; (and now that pleaſure dropped her maſk, and folly ſtood unveiled in all its depravity,) their returning influence cheered her comfortleſs boſom, and ſhe cheriſhed them as the guardians of her future conduct. Such is thy power, Oh virtue! Such is thy influence, Oh education!

Leaving Lady Clifford to attend her lord, and perſevere in her good reſolution, we will return to the chamber of our diſtreſſed Heroine. Many days elapſed before the poor ſufferer ſhewed any ſigns of amendment. She raved inceſſantly about her huſband, child, ſiſter, and Lord Clifford. Looking wildly, ſhe would cry, "Poor Arthur, when I meet

I meet him in heaven he ſhall know the truth —he ſhall not kill his friend—Ellen ſhall not die—Madeline can go to her father—Glendillon will believe him—My heart was cold —the night bleak—and my huſband pale.—My poor baby periſhed.—Ah, Madeline muſt die." It was from one of theſe diſtracting ſcenes that her huſband had retired to a chair in a remote corner of the room, when a letter addreſſed to himſelf, attracted his notice—beſide it lay the note requeſting the preſence of Madeline in Piccadilly. Opening the one directed to himſelf, he found it that which Lord Clifford had intruſted to his wife to preſent him. Could his anguiſh have admitted of addition, the expreſſions of regard, the unſtudied aſſurances of having never injured his honor, even by a ſingle wiſh, and the ſolemn recommendation of his infant ſon to his care, which it contained, muſt have augmented it. Sighs of deep remorſe burſt from his heart, and the tears of tenderneſs and contrition fell down his cheek as he exclaimed, "Grant him, Oh God, but days!

grant

grant my angel woman lengthened life! and if the vial of thy wrath hath yet one bitter drop which I have not taſted, pour it into my cup of anguiſh, and thy guilty ſervant will receive it with humility."

Mrs. Glanville ſeldom quitted the chamber of her friend—and one morning, when watching the criſis of her fever, ſhe breathed a heavy ſigh, cloſed her eyes, and loſt ſenſation. "Sweet ſaint, farewell!" exclaimed Miriam; "thy ſtruggle now is over." Glanville was endeavouring to force Glendillon from the room—when, with a voice calm and determined, he ſaid, "I will never leave her? nor ſhall death divide us! Ever my angel guide—ſhe paſſes on before, to cheer the way. Hover a moment then, fair bleſſed ſpirit—thy Arthur will rejoin thee." His ſoul ſeemed trembling on his lips; when Miriam reſumed, "Eternal Providence! my friend revives!" She did indeed. Her fever had reached its height—and when they believed ſhe had expired, nature revulſed, and

Heaven

Heaven, in mercy to her friends, lent her a little longer. Throwing a languid glance around, ſhe feebly ſaid, "My Arthur;" he preſſed her hand—"my child;" he vaniſhed —and returning in a moment, laid the charming boy upon her boſom. It was difficult to confine the joy of Mr. Glendillon within the bounds of moderation; it almoſt reached a degree of madneſs. When Madeline returned to reaſon, many anxious fears perplexed her.—"Dare I," ſaid ſhe, plaintively, to Miriam, "inquire for Lord Clifford?" "He is well," replied ſhe, "thy huſband reconciled, and thy ſiſter reformed." Cheering indeed was that intelligence to her, and more conducive to her health than all the cordials ſhe took. When Mrs. Glanville informed her friend that her huſband and Lord Clifford were reconciled, ſhe uttered only truth; for, on the firſt information that his lordſhip was out of danger, and could ſupport converſation, Mr. Glendillon waited on him, and with all the energy of friendſhip, intreated forgiveneſs for his various injuries, when the

noble Clifford, without one upbraiding look, granted a perfect pardon, with an aſſurance of unabated regard. Lady Clifford appeared not—but his lordſhip ſaid, her renunciation of deſtructive pleaſures had given him again a taſte for life; and that, when perfectly recoverd, he intended retiring for ſome time to a ſeat in Devonſhire, where, in ſecluſion from temptation, ſhe might ſtrengthen her good reſolutions.

Mrs. Glendillon was ſoon able to ſit up and converſe: and ſurely if ever female worth was held in adoration, it was offered by the tranſported huſband—and ſhe deſerved it; for no reproach, no reſentful word ever eſcaped her. She viewed his conduct through the indulgent medium of love—and often intreated he would bury the painful remembrance in oblivion. She was one morning moſt happily ſurpriſed, by her huſband preſenting Lord Clifford to her, as his brother and deareſt friend; and ſhe received his embrace with unembarraſſed pleaſure. "Mr. Glendillon," ſaid

ſaid his lordſhip to her, "has now introduced to you a brother, who has ever been one in reſpect and ſentiment; but in a ſhort time I hope to reſtore you a ſiſter, who has long been unworthy of your regard. She now makes me happy with revived affection; and when we return from our voluntary retirement, will be good and amiable, like yourſelf." His lordſhip confeſſed, that when he requeſted the fatal viſit from our Heroine, that, wearied with diſappointment, he had determined on ſelf-deſtruction, but that his dangerous confinement affording him time for reflection, he had baniſhed the raſh reſolve—and that his wife's altered demeanor had amply rewarded him.

Next day Madeline had the felicity to embrace her beloved Ellen. A ſoft bluſh tinged her delicate cheek, and ſhe had acquired an intereſting mildneſs of manner, which made her appear more amiable than ever. "How could I wrong you, my Madeline," ſaid ſhe, with the ſweeteſt voice imaginable.—"But

you are avenged, for I have ruined myſelf— I love my huſband, and he now diſdains me. The hour you predicted is arrived, and a lengthened life of care awaits me." "Be not dejected, my beloved Ellen, your lord rejoices in your having forſaken thoſe follies which tarniſhed your virtues; and confeſſed your renewed tenderneſs has preſerved his very exiſtence." "Ah! Madeline, how can I believe it, when he rewards my obedience and endearments with cold civility; and even in our ſofter hours, treats me with diſtant kindneſs. Say, my ſiſter, how can ſuch froideur agree with a warmth of vivacity like mine?" "Your vivacity, and my ſenſibility," replied Madeline, "have been alike fatal to our happineſs in marriage. We muſt learn to reſtrain them, and ſacrifice a portion of each to our huſband's ſatisfactions." After repeated embraces, the ſiſters parted for a long ſeaſon.

During Madeline's indiſpoſition, the little villa her huſband intended to purchaſe, was diſpoſed

diſpoſed of—and ſummer being now in all its pride, Mr. Glendillon, his wife and child, with Captain Glanville and Miriam, removed to country lodgings—when our Heroine once more began to encourage the hope of happineſs.

CHAP. XXXIX.

EARLY one beautiful morning in June, Lord Clifford's travelling carriage was ordered to convey him and his lady to their ſummer retirement. To conciliate his good opinion, and gratify a ſoft ſenſation, ſhe took little Frederick on her own knee. His lordſhip approved it, ſaying, her women would

follow with the other domeſtics. They had travelled many miles in perfect ſilence, each occupied with their own reflections, when her ladyſhip looking up, exclaimed in amazement, "Bleſs me! my lord, we are on the great North Road.—I thought you intended a viſit to Devonſhire." With much calmneſs he replied, "Hereafter I may explain my motives for miſleading our friends in our route. At preſent it muſt ſuffice to ſay, that I propoſe viſiting a long neglected ſeat in a remote part of Northumberland." Lady Clifford willing to encourage an idea of her complacency, repreſſed a reproach which aroſe in her heart for the deception practiſed upon her. During the journey, his lordſhip was careful of her health and convenience, without the leaſt inclination to tenderneſs; while the ſang froid of his queſtions ſometimes ſo unguarded her temper, that ſhe would reply with a peeviſh, yes or no. After one of which, turning with a ſevere look, he ſaid, "Theſe expletives have been too long favourites with you, Lady Clifford—I would

adviſe

adviſe you to diſcard them." The bleak mountains of Cheviot appearing, his lordſhip commanded the poſtillion to turn to the right; when in croſſing a barren heath, Ellen exclaimed, "Heavens! what a dreary country!" "I am ſorry you think ſo," replied her lord, drily. In the bottom of a bleak vale ſtood an old pile of building, which attracting her ladyſhip's notice, Lord Clifford ſaid, "That is the Caſtle of Glomart —our future reſidence." "Glomart!" repeated ſhe, faintly. "What an uncouth name." "Like its deſtined inhabitants, probably," returned he. The carriage ſtopped —ſhe preſſed his hand—"Oh! Clifford!"— An old man appearing, they were admitted by a drawbridge.

The Caſtle was an irregular gothic building, blackened by time. High nodding battlements threw a gloom around it, and towers tattering to decay appeared to threaten the inhabitants with deſtruction. Entering by a porch, they proceeded through a long vaulted

paſſage, when a cold ſhivering ſeized Lady Clifford. Her huſband led her into a large antique parlour, crowded with furniture, which from its faſhion might have been made by the inhabitants of the Ark. An old houſekeeper and country laſs attending, ſhe aſcended a ſpiral ſtair to a diſmal ſuite of half ruined chambers. Laying her boy in bed, and ordering the girl not to leave him, ſhe rejoined his lordſhip. "The upper apartments," ſaid ſhe, "will require much repair before the domeſtics can be accommodated." "I think not," replied his lordſhip, coldly. "And that you may not indulge fruitleſs expectations, muſt inform you they are not coming. And it is now alſo neceſſary to give ſome explanation of an apparent myſtery. To avoid the pain of ineffectual entreaties from my friends, to alter a reſolution no human power could have ſhaken, I concealed my place of retirement—but now inform you that the moat ſurrounding this caſtle is the boundary of your liberty. If your profeſſions of remorſe for paſt tranſgreſſions

greſſions are genuine, you will ſubmit to the impoſed penance with meekneſs. If they are affected, the puniſhment is by much too lenient." Lady Clifford burſt into tears. "Spare your tears, Ellen—Reſignation may ſoften your confinement—reſiſtance will increaſe reſtraint. But mark me—Never more theſe gates open for you, nor will any be admitted, ſave the few domeſtics you beheld." "Never!" exclaimed ſhe. "Never!" with firmneſs, he replied.—"You who brought a huſband to the brink of death—murdered a ſiſter's peace—and planted an envenomed dagger in Glendillon's breaſt, deſerved not any mercy—yet I grant it in remembrance of your father." "Why, why was I betrayed?" ſaid ſhe, weeping. "To avoid the ſcorn of a world, and to eſcape the tongue of ſlander, which you raiſed to ſtain Lord Clifford's fame, a ſiſter's reputation, and Glendillon's honor. And if all huſbands followed my example, and confined miſchief making beauty with ſuch reſolution, ſhame would not tinge ſo many cheeks, and plunge

whole families in ruin." Ellen ſat weeping, and projecting various ſchemes, till at length ſhe reſolved to reſtrain her paſſion, as ſhe beheld him immovable, and would prove of no avail.

After ſupper, with an air of calmneſs, he ſaid it was time to retire. Taking the lights in his own hand, he left her to follow at leiſure. On entering the bed-chamber, he aſked if her ladyſhip preferred laying alone—when highly nettled at ſo unexpected a propoſal, ſhe replied, "Certainly, my lord, I do." Fatigued and dejected as ſhe was, ſhe could not help ſurveying the diſmal tapeſtry figures—and had ſhe feared ſupernatural beings, the lonely ſcene was admirably adapted for fancy to be buſy. She was compoſing herſelf to ſleep, when the curtains ſhook. Starting from her bed, ſhe was at her huſband's room door, which opened from her own, when pride, in all its dignity, cried, What! the beautiful Lady Clifford, under twenty—the idol of an admiring world—

creep

creep to a huſband who had voluntarily left her bed—No! She was returning to her pillow—when the curtains again ſhaking, ſhe exclaimed, "Merciful God! what can it be!" when a poor cat, ſcrambling between them and the tapeſtry, fell to the ground. Bluſhing for her weakneſs, ſhe walked to bed, and ſlept undiſturbed. In the morning the maid introduced her boy, with his jam tied before. "Heatheniſh wench!" ſhe cried, "give me my child!" Kiſſing him with tenderneſs, ſhe exclaimed, "Bleſſings on thee, my love!" Lord Clifford certainly deigned her a complacent look, for ſhe ventured to requeſt having her woman. "Attempt not, Ellen," replied he, "to infringe my rules." "Poſitively then," ſaid ſhe, with a kindling bluſh, "I cannot lay alone." "Then you ſhall have your own bed-fellow." Lord Clifford's gravity had nearly yielded to a ſmile, when ſhe returned with an air peculiar to herſelf, "That might poſſibly diſturb the œconomy of your lordſhip's ſolitude."

Lady Clifford appeared tolerably reſigned; and amuſed her huſband with ſinging. Mary's Lamentations he admired; and when ſhe came to the words, "When I lie cold in my tomb, ſome heart will ſtill ſorrow for me," had ſhe looked in his face, ſhe had read a convincing expreſſion that her power was not yet loſt. She played, and nurſed her child; avoided ſarcaſm and caprice; obſerved his wiſhes—and making herſelf neceſſary to his happineſs, added much to her own, "There is certainly," ſaid ſhe, one day, "a magic in cuſtom. When I firſt came here, all appeared dark and comfortleſs;—now I can taſte pleaſure even in this diſmal Caſtle—and am happy to be convinced, that integrity of life, and purity of manners, can nouriſh the plant of contentment, even on this barren heath." Lord Clifford, for the firſt time ſince their exile, folded her in his arms, ſaying, "Why, my Ellen, did you obſcure thoſe charming ſentiments from the world—and now that a fatal ſecluſion dooms them to ſolitude, to diſcloſe them?" Ellen was more fully convinced of her

her perpetual impriſonment, by the tender regret his little compliment conveyed, than if he had endeavoured to enforce the belief by the ſevereſt menace,—notwithſtanding which, ſhe replied, with inimitable ſweetneſs, "If my awakened reaſon, and forſaken folly, can contribute to your comfort, and ſecure me your affection, I ſhall little repine at the loſs of admiration—and the world will have no cauſe to regret the abſence of a member who has done it ſo little honor.

Let the gay, unthinking belle, now flutter-ing in the maze of vanity, who, forgetful of every endearing claim, devotes the day to folly, and the night to diſſipation, attend to the voice of prudence, and be taught, that the firſt ſtep to wrong lies concealed in the enticing path of pleaſure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

WHILE the beautiful Lady Clifford was paſſing her days in a cheerleſs ſolitude, our Heroine and her friends were enjoying every domeſtic pleaſure in the boſom of felicity. Theirs indeed was the ſtate—"Arcadian ſong tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times, when tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man; but free to follow nature was the mode." Unburthened with heavy ſtores of wealth, unoppreſſed by greatneſs, and unenſlaved by ceremony, they poſſeſſed that competence "ſo vital to content." And the

the little circle were beginning to controvert the opinion "That perfect happineſs is not a plant of mortality," when providence, by a fatal interruption, taught their humbled hearts, that the real chriſtian will in a brighter world expect a retribution for his virtues. Let not profane and unbelieving men doubt how this can be. The Glorious Power that formed at firſt the human frame, and dignified it with celeſtial ſpirit, can never doom the highly favored work to ſuch low diſgrace as (ſad thought!) annihilation. God is goodneſs—would he then form a creature rich in noble faculties—in virtues emanating from himſelf, Great Source! and drop it, careleſs of its fate, in a bad world—leave it expoſed to calamities and temptations—then, when it riſes greatly over all, reſiſts the force of ſin, the lure of pleaſure, through ſucceſſive dangers hold integrity ſecure, ſmiles at human evil, and looks beyond this ſuffering ſcene for the bright recompenſe promiſed by truth, and prepared by mercy—Oh, ſay ye ſceptics, can ſuch a creature be forgotten, or thrown

in dark confuſion with a wretch who, glittering in wealth and grandeur, bleſſed with proſperity and joy, marks every hour by ſome repeated guilt, diſgracing human nature, diſhonoring his God, and denying the Power from whom he holds his benefits?—No. Fear not then, meekneſs—fear not ye guiltleſs ſorrowing—nor ye of humble and believing mind. Let not the ſeeming inconſiſtence cloud your hopes, though it may veil eternal wiſdom. But learn that earthly honors in his ſight are mean—He drops them on the bad, to aggravate their crimes, and prove them worthleſs in his eſtimation. Endure a little longer—hear the ſoft miniſtry of whiſpering angels; lean on the ſacred promiſes, and never give one moment to deſpair—But would the fiend obtrude, hark to that gracious tongue which ſays, "Repoſe in me, ye weary. Be not cheerleſs, I have overcome the world, and with me pleaſures bloom for evermore." Should the good vouchſafe to turn this page, they will not blame it. The bad, I know, would only give contempt;

contempt; nor would I murmur at the comment.

The Thames flowed ſmoothly at the bottom of a neat garden, behind the reſidence of Mr. Glendillon; who, with his friend Glanville, was fiſhing one morning—the ladies at work, and the children rolling on the carpet; when a very handſome woman deſired to ſpeak with Mrs. Glanville. She was introduced; and throwing a diſdainful glance on the ladies, and then on the children, demanded which was the perſon who called herſelf Mrs. Glanville? Madeline felt ſurpriſed—but that mode of addreſs having been familiar to Miriam among her own people, calmly replied, "Thee beholdeſt her in me, friend." "Where is Mr. Glanville?" aſked the ſtranger. "He angleth near the garden—verily he catcheth a fiſh even now," ſaid ſhe, looking through the window. "Indeed!" interrupted the viſitor, ſarcaſtically. "That element is particularly bountiful: though, I fancy, it has reſtored a certain ſort of

of fiſh to-day, that he will find more difficult to manage than any one he ever hooked." "Thee ſpeakeſt in parables—I will call friend Glanville—perchance he may explain them." "Perchance ſo," replied the lady. He entered with Glendillon. Had the infernal gulph opened, and diſcloſed its horrors, Glanville had felt leſs diſmay. Darting one fearful glance at the ſtranger, he fell in the neareſt chair, exclaiming, "Oh Providence!" Fatal conviction flaſhed on the mind of Glendillon and his wife. Miriam ſat pale, and apparently calm,—while the lady ſaid, ſcornfully, "You are certainly very grateful to him for reſtoring you a wife, after ſuppoſing her three years dead. But, however, return me my fortune, and you may go with your quaking trumpery where you pleaſe." Glendillon only had the power of ſpeech. "Retire, madam," ſaid he; "you ſhall have every juſtice—but offer not inſult at the ſhrine of virtue." "Indeed, Sir, I ſhall not retire—My huſband being here, makes it my home; nor will I leave him opportunity to abſcond

abſcond with his quaker, and deprive me of my right." "Inſolent woman! this is my houſe." Glendillon was interrupted—the trembling Miriam aroſe—Madeline would have aſſiſted her. "Fear not," ſaid ſhe; "my righteous purpoſe will ſupport me:" when, kneeling at the feet of Glanville, ſhe thus addreſſed him: "Beloved of thy Miriam's heart! let the voice which hath ſo often pleaſed thee, now ſooth thy ſpirits to compoſure. And let the happy learn from our fate, not to exult in bleſſings which hang on the hazard of an hour. We have walked in the path of peace together—no guilt profaned our moments, for we believed our union ſanctified. Then let that ſweet reflection ſooth thy ſoul—thee art not comfortleſs—only to me it was a work of darkneſs—black were the auſpices; a father's reprobating voice exclaimed, forbear! fiends exulted o'er my fatal vows; I was the child of diſobedience—and now, behold! the bitter wiſh deſcendeth on my devoted head. Betake thee, Glanville, to the helpmate of thy

firſt affection—while I, forlorn and deſolate, like the poor Prodigal, return unto a father's dwelling, and with a contrite heart exclaim, "I have ſinned againſt Heaven and before thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy child, but accept me as the loweſt of thine hired ſervants," that I by penitence and ſad, ſad days and nights, may expiate mine offences. Yet, never, Glanville, can I forſake thy loved idea; I will cheriſh it till death—and in ſerener regions we ſhall meet and rejoice in the preſence of eternal love." Her ſleeping infant caught her eye—"For that poor ORPHAN I alſo have a home—Glendillon, behold a Madeline—My friend, behold a Montgomery." Riſing then from her knees, ſhe impreſſed a ſoft kiſs on the cold hand of Glanville, ſaying, "Fare thee well!" The wretched huſband ſtarted from his ſeat—he ventured one look around—the view was inſupportable. He ſhrieked, "Triumph deſpair," and ruſhed from their preſence. "Save him," ſaid Miriam, falling lifeleſs into Glendillon's arms. Madeline followed

lowed Glanville to his apartment, where he had flown. He had fallen on his knees, holding a loaded piſtol to his head, while his lips moved in ſilent prayer. Madeline feared to advance; but dropping at the door in the ſame attitude, exclaimed, "Stop! one moment." The piſtol fell. "Eternity! Oh! Glanville! If thou canſt not bear thy *trials here*, force not thy preſence on a Power that can make *them* gnaw thy ſpirit evermore, unaltered and the ſame. He who, ſelf devoted, dies to ſhun his fate, may find the *Will* to which he bids defiance, doom the ſoul to feel *its* agonies through endleſs ages." He looked around mournfully. "My heart," ſaid he, "is cold and deſolate—yet Miriam cannot come to warm it—all is dark—" Oh ye that e'er loſt an angel pity me!" Sure—what man can pity—Heaven can forgive. She took up the piſtols—"You would not take them from me," ſaid he. Poor Glanville." reſumed Madeline, "would you deſtroy Miriam, who cheriſhes the hope to meet you in a better world?" He appeared

to

to recollect; ſaid, No—no—I can—Yes, Madeline, take the piſtols—I am ſafe. This morn ſo happy! Now—But I will lay down to ſleep—be more compoſed—and when I wake may think upon your arguments—conviction then may reach me, and mercy pardon deſperation." She then aſſiſted him to bed—and taking the piſtols with her, deſcended to the parlour.

Pleaſed to remove the unfeeling cauſe of their ſorrow, Mr. Glendillon had attended firſt Mrs. Glanville to a neighbouring inn, promiſing to ſend Mr. Glanville to her. Miriam was ſitting with her child on her knee—a ſweet ſerenity diffuſed over her countenance; and when Madeline told her Glanville had lain down to compoſe his ſpirits, a pitying ſmile, ſuch as angels caſt on dying ſaints, irradiated her mild features. Mr. Glendillon returned—and his wife was deſiring him to ſit by his friend, when they heard a diſmal ſhriek, after which Mary Summers burſt into the room, crying, "Oh, my

my maſter! my maſter!—I ſaw the ſword through him." The child fell from the arms of Miriam; and darting from her chair, ſtopped not till ſhe reached the expiring Glanville, who had ſeized the moment of Madeline's departure to execute his fatal purpoſe. Mary paſſing the room door, and hearing a noiſe, entered; when, beholding the huſband of her beloved miſtreſs in that condition, unheedful of conſequences, iſſued the ſhriek, and flew to the parlour.

As Miriam threw herſelf beſide the bleeding body, he raiſed his dying eyes to take a laſt look of her angelic face—feebly preſſed her hand—ſmiled—uttered, faintly, Heaven, and his ſpirit fled to the preſence of that Holy Being, whom the pitying heart will hope would not reject his trembling ſervant, who, driven by ſtrong calamity, and confiding in his mercy, had ventured to ſeek repoſe before the hour appointed by his wiſdom. When Miriam beheld the parting ſigh of nature leave his lips, the extremeſt point of ſorrow ſtruck her heart;

heart; the line of miſery was extended, and black deſpair dropped its mantle round her. A few moments before, ſhe was calm; her hopes upon the wings of faith had ſoared beyond the limits of mortality, when, in ſome better ſtate, ſhe met her Glanville, where no beating tempeſt could divide them more. Now, wrapped in a ſhroud, ſtained with ſelf-ſhed blood, was the laſt look ſhe feared to ever have. Senſible to all her wretchedneſs, ſhe hung over the body—while Madeline, recollecting his laſt words, exclaimed, "Yes, conviction will reach thee—and, Oh, may mercy pardon deſperation, when thou doſt awake—poor—poor Glanville! "Poor indeed!" repeated Miriam. "Though loſt to me on earth, I hoped to have met him with an angel's joy in thoſe bright courts above—but now his fatal arm hath raiſed a ſtronger barrier even than death. No tear can ſoften, no penitence abſolve him; for there is no repentance in the grave. Poor ſoul! didſt thou not ſtart at entering on eternity—Ah, me, to ruſh, unbidden, on a world

world of ſaints—on an aſſembly of accuſing angels. Oh! could my prayers—my ceaſeleſs anguiſh through a weary life, avail—but no—all, all beyond the hour of diſſolution is fixed by power immutable—Even now the awful fiat paſſes which dooms his trembling ſoul. Eternal Being, whither do I wander!" She was ſoon ſeized with faintings, and in a few hours was delivered of a dead child—when, feeling the ſprings of life running low, ſhe thus addreſſed her friends: "I thought to ſeek a father's arms, and have received his pardoning bleſſing, but death ſteals on me unexpected—a kinder parent calls me to repoſe; I truſt I am not unprepared, nor my accounts unſettled: peace dawns upon my ſoul, and angels hail me to the realms of bliſs; there, beloved Madeline, ſhall I meet thee; there I ſhall bleſs thee and thy Arthur, for protecting my poor child—Oh, cheriſh her! ſhe hath no name but thine—love her; ſhe hath no friend but thee—and when thee looketſt on her ſmiling face, think on poor Miriam, who ſo much hath loved thee.

When my Joſiah returneth, give him the dying prayer and bleſſing of a ſiſter: from thy lips the offering will be ſweet. Say, that when trembling on the verge of life, I had no friend but thee to cloſe my weary eyes. Say, when my heart and pulſe forgot to beat, I had no friend but thee to lay me in the duſt. Say, I demand no pity for my child, but his remembrance that ſhe is a Madeline. Now, my ever precious friend, farewell!—Deareſt Glendillon! adieu—thee art ſo bleſſed, that I cannot wiſh thee happier, until we meet above." Exhauſted, ſhe then ſunk on her pillow—but ſoon recovering, with an angelic ſmile, ſhe exclaimed, ſoftly, "Bleſs!—bleſs!—bleſs thee! Heaven!" Her lovely face wore every uſual charm, her eyes ſerenely cloſed, while her ſweet ſpirit, guided by waiting angels, aſcended to the manſions of everlaſting repoſe. "Exalted friend! bleſſed companion!" exclaimed the weeping Madeline, kiſſing her cold, yet charming face; "never more ſhall I be cheered by thy affection, nor ſoothed with thy ſweet tongue—

but

but I will love—will guide thy child until—" Here utterance failed, and ſhe was conveyed, motionleſs, from the room, in the arms of her half diſtracted huſband.

In proper time, the remains of their beloved friends were privately interred within the neighbouring church; and Mr. and Mrs. Glendillon, to ſecure the little ſpot from diſturbance, ordered a plain marble monument to be raiſed, with the following inſcription:

Sacred to the memory of
ADOLPHUS AND MIRIAM:
Curioſity retire—Senſibility conſecrates their hallowed duſt.
Fear not, Oh Piety, to drop a tear!
Fear not, Oh Virtue, to breathe a ſigh!
Innocence and misfortune marked them for their own.
And ever, as beneath this humble ſtone,
"May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name!"

CHAP. XLI.

THE village now appeared a deſert in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Glendillon. The voice of friendſhip lay huſhed in the grave. It had been the ſcene of horror: and in a few days they removed to Town, with the two equally beloved infants.

A little is requiſite to ſay on the appearance of Mrs. Glanville. The pleaſure yacht in which ſhe embarked, being driven out to ſea, ſhe was taken up, when clinging to the wreck, by an outer-bound Eaſt-India-man, and

and was treated with kindneſs and reſpect by the ladies on board. On their arrival, ſhe formed a connexion with an officer of high rank; but his lady at length joining him, Mrs. Glanville thought proper to return to England. Her huſband would have been among her moſt remote inquiries, but that he poſſeſſed her fortune. Recollecting the name of his agent, to him ſhe repaired, who informed her of his marriage and place of reſidence. Love was too noble a paſſion to have ever been the inmate of ſo degraded a breaſt; though ſhe had frequently given the ſacred name to her own baſe feelings. She felt a malignant pleaſure in being able to interrupt her huſband's happineſs with the modeſt friend—and though a reunion with him was the laſt of her wiſhes, ſhe reſolved to pay the fatal viſit, and enjoy her poor triumph over Miriam, and induce him to make a diviſion of his property. Wretched woman! ſhe knew not the purity of a Miriam, nor the honour of a Glanville. She heard of his death with perfect indifference—and was im-

mediately put in poſſeſſion of his fortune, as no will, or other claimant, appeared.

On our Heroine's return to Pall-Mall, ſhe found letters from Lady Bab, acquainting her that Lord Delahay being ordered to Spa, for the recovery of his health, his lady and family determined to attend him. All enquiries to diſcover Mr. and Mrs. Herbert proved ineffectual—no trace could be found ſince they left Bath. And to add to the diſappointments and griefs of Madeline, Lord and Lady Clifford had preſerved a total ſilence. Mr. Glendillon had called repeatedly in Piccadilly. Madeline frequently wrote to all his different ſeats, yet no other anſwer could be obtained than the letters returned by the domeſtics, and that they conjectured, from not having ſeen his Lordſhip, that he was abroad. Even his banker was ignorant of his abode—he received very few drafts, and thoſe were dated London. Madeline was wretched, and bewildered with various apprehenſions—ſtill ſhe never looked

at

at her adoring Glendillon, and little infants, but the tears of gratitude would ſhine in her mild eyes, and ſhe would exclaim, "Grant me but theſe, Oh Heaven, and never ſhall my heart preſume to murmur!"

Taking up the paper of the day one morning, at breakfaſt, ſhe ſaid, "How diſtreſſing to a feeling mind theſe long liſts of bankrupts! How painful to reflect how many families ſuffer from the conſequence." "How many are there to-day?" demanded her huſband. She had numbered twelve, when, making a full ſtop, her colour changed, and the paper fell from her hand. Suppoſing her ſeized with ſome ſudden illneſs, the alarmed huſband haſtened to her aid, and began rubbing her temples. Madeline had not fainted—ſhe preſſed his hand to her beating heart, ſaying, "It is all here.—Oh! my Arthur, could I keep it from thee, the pang would be paſt—but—" "My angel girl," interrupted he, "in pity, ſay that you are but well—my brain is tortured—why look ſo pitying? Tell me

your evil—theſe arms ſhall hold thee—this boſom ſhield thee from every danger. Speak again, my life!" Looking up with tenderneſs unutterable, ſhe replied, "Be then yourſelf, my Arthur, and I am happy—be reſigned, and I am calm—ſtruggle, and I will aid you. United and compoſed, we may ſtem the gathering torrent of adverſity." "Madeline," ſaid he, "be more explicit, I conjure you! I have fears approaching horror." He took up the paper—"Stop!" replied ſhe, catching his hand; "hear it from me—Thornton——" "Is a bankrupt," added he, "and we are reduced to beggary and want." "For ſhame, my Arthur! is this your fortitude," exclaimed his wife; "your ſtrength of mind, that ſhould ſupport a poor weak woman! Where ſhall I look for comfort, if your heart deſpairs! Beggary! want!—baniſh a fear ſo humiliating to youth, health, induſtry, and inclination. Come, my beſt life," taking him in her arms, "unencumbered with Madeline, you would diſdain to murmur—If you now deſpond,

ſpond, I ſhall ſuppoſe myſelf the weary load, and ſoon releaſe you from the burden, by a broken heart. But exert yourſelf—accept my aid—my love, for conſolation under this misfortune, and it will ſtamp a value on my life. I ſhall be of conſequence—and carefully preſerve a being not unimportant to my Arthur. Self-ſatisfied and ſelf-ſupported we ſtill ſhall keep your favourite gueſt, fair independence. And mark me, Arthur, when you ſee a frown upon the face of Madeline, think her weary of her fate, and diſcontented with the treaſure of your heart." "My worſhipped woman!" returned her huſband, "could I behold thoſe hands—that gentle form ſubmit to labour!" "Why not?" interrupted ſhe; "they laboured for a father, and ſhall they not do equal for a huſband and his infants?"

Her endearments, and apparent cheerfulneſs, a little compoſing Mr. Glendillon, he went out to learn the extent of his misfortune. He had not far to ſeek—the fatal

failure was the general topic. The houſe had ſtopped for ſeveral hundred thouſand pounds; and the firſt partner abſconded until the certificate was ſigned.

When Mr. Glendillon returned, his wife, with the ſweeteſt ſmile, informed him ſhe had been making a little arrangement. With perfect truth, he replied, that he would willingly agree to whatever ſhe propoſed. Mrs. Glendillon had always preſerved a grateful regard for her old friend, Mrs. Cook; and now it occured, that her houſe would be the moſt eligible abode. With that equanimity of temper, which ſeldom forſook our Heroine, with the aſſiſtance of Mary, ſhe packed up her clothes, which included their whole poſſeſſions, except one fifty pound note, which happened to be in her green ſilk purſe. And when ſhe had diſcharged her little houſehold, paid a few bills, and given five guineas to Mary, to defray her expences to Montgomery, ſhe found eleven pounds all that misfortune had left her.

Difficult

Difficult was the taſk to prevail on the grateful Mary to leave her—and only on a promiſe to be received again in a few months, ſhe conſented to the journey. Madeline ordered her to go to the Rectory; and ſent letters by her to Mr. Primroſe, acquainting him with his Miriam's death, her dying prayer for his happineſs, and her reſolution, had ſhe ſurvived the fatal ſtroke, of caſting herſelf once more at her father's feet for pardon. She ſlightly mentioned that her ſainted friend had bequeathed an infant daughter to her care; and concluded with kind wiſhes for the amiable Joſiah.

Mrs. Cook welcomed her favorite and family with ſincere affection; though ſhe regretted the cauſe of her houſe becoming their abode. "My dear lady," ſaid ſhe, to Madeline, "what a life is yours! I have ſeen you in every ſituation—reduced to want and a priſon, and exalted to the very height of human grandeur and promiſing happineſs. Now I behold you again ſuffering—and ever

is your mind the ſame; alike humble, amiable and endearing." "I have often told you," replied Madeline, ſmiling, "that the wheel of fortune is for ever volving:" and though a cloud at preſent obſcures our proſpect, a brightening ray from Heaven may ſoon diſperſe it, "and joys unthought of court our acceptance." I know you love me, Mrs. Cook, and will be pleaſed to hear that you never ſaw me happier than now. And wonder not, when you behold my huſband and theſe innocents ſafe and well. Wealth never very much intereſted me, though I allow it neceſſary to convenience: but we create many wants, and then murmur that fortune doth not indulge them. We mean now, my dear friend, to purſue a new ſyſtem—to ſupply our real wants, and ſmile at the power of the fickle goddeſs, who, when ſhe finds herſelf neglected, may have pride enough to load us with obligations, and force us to be debtors." "You are the moſt extraordinary and moſt charming lady that ever exiſted," exclaimed the landlady, and away ſhe tripped

to

to ſend in ſupper. Madeline again reſumed her embroidery, with this difference, that to avoid adventures, the work was brought and carried home by the obliging Mrs. Cook. This plan was only adopted for preſent ſubſiſtence; for, however contented Madeline might have been to purſue it, the agony it gave her huſband would have turned her thoughts to another. The country was her delight—Glendillon was partial to rural ſports—and though the mind of Madeline was independent, it was not proud—ſhe ſcorned not favors, yet would have diſdained to ſtoop to one who would bind her with fetters of obligation, to exult in her poverty and diſtreſs. Lord Clifford ſhe knew had a kindred heart, and would feel a generous pleaſure in contributing to their united comfort. It was therefore her intention—and ſhe had perſuaded her huſband that it would lead to independence and peace, to ſolicit the ſtewardſhip of his lordſhip's lands. Thus our poor Heroine ſupported her mind with hope, while her delicate fingers ſupplied their

their neceſſities. Mrs. Cook was a kind nurſe to the children. Mr. Glendillon, in the preſence of his wife, wore an air of ſerenity, but when alone he gave way to all the emotions of miſery and deſpair.

Madeline's embroidery was not their only reſource; former times having taught her the *uſe* of trinkets to prevent the clamour of a butcher or baker, all the little ornaments of happier days had diſappeared, and lay quietly in the poſſeſſion of a pawnbroker; but this pang the affectionate wife ſpared her beloved Arthur.

Winter was now faſt approaching, and the ſuffering pair indulged a hope that the birth-day would invite Lord and Lady Clifford to Town. Madeline's ideas often reverted to the period when with ſuch anxious ſolicitude ſhe expected the arrival of his excellent father; and how that Being who uſes ſecond means to execute his will had introduced him and happineſs together. Surely, thought ſhe,

ſhe, the circumſtances of my life ought to teach me dependence on Providence!

An hour of melancholy had one evening ſtole upon her mind, which all her reaſon and patience could not ſubdue. If poſſible to divert it, ſhe began ſinging a favourite anthem of her huſband's, who was ſitting, with his ſon and the child of Miriam on his knee, liſtening to her ſweet voice.

Never let the ſoul deſpair,
Heaven will of the good take care;
Fly ill thoughts—preſages ceaſe—
Guardian angels whiſper peace.

She was proceeding, when Mrs. Cook, in a voice boding no good, informed them a ſtrange looking man deſired to ſpeak to Mr. Glendillon.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

LET the getleman come in, ſaid Madeline. A tall ſallow figure made his appearance, and, with a moſt unfavorable aſpect, preſented a paper. Madeline took it from the trembling hand of her huſband, and found it the bill for the funeral and monument of Glanville and his Miriam. Though it is cuſtomary to give in theſe accounts, and have them diſcharged immediately after interment, the undertaker feeling, from Mr. Glendillon's ſtile of living, no apprehenſions for his money, had, at their deſire, employed a ſtatuary,

a ſtatuary, meaning to give in the bills together. He had been at Pall-Mall, and was directed to Mrs. Cook's.

"We muſt," ſaid Madeline, folding the enormous long paper, "entreat your indulgence, Sir, for a ſhort time, the failure of Mr. Glendillon's banker having deranged our affairs; but you may rely on perfect juſtice when ſome friends arrive, who are daily expected." "It may be ſo," replied the undertaker; but "faſt bind, faſt find." Your friends may as well come to me as I go to them; and ſo, by your leave, I have one who will ſettle in the mean time." Going to the door, he called, when two men entering, he ſaid, "There's your priſoner." Glendillon aroſe, and with a compoſed dignity, that ſeemed ſuperior to the bitterneſs of fate, ſaluting the cold lips of his wife, ſaid, "My precious love! be comforted—we ſhall meet again." "Yes, my Arthur," replied ſhe, feebly, "to-morrow." After kiſſing the two babies, he demanded where he

he was to go. "Pleaſe your honor," replied the maſter catchpole, "to my houſe; one of the firſt in the pariſh—every thing for money—good wine, good meat, good uſage—every thing for money, as the ſaying is." "Ah," interrupted Madeline, "we have none—no money, no friends—whither then," added ſhe, deſpairingly, "is he to go?" "Oh, if ſo be," returned the bailiff, changing his tone and aſpect—if ſo be there is no money—why, the Fleet is a brave good place." "Then I will attend you to it," ſaid Glendillon, calmly.

"No," interrupted Mrs. Cook, entering breathleſs; "here is bail—you ſhall go to no priſon. What! Lord Clifford's brother—Lord Glendillon's nephew, go to priſon for ſo trifling a ſum—they would not allow it for thouſands. Wait, gentlemen, my attorney is coming with bail." Stay, my dear woman!" replied Mr. Glendillon, while a grateful tear ſparkled in his eye, "I cannot accept—my knowledge of my own affairs

ſairs will not permit me to accept your generous offer. I leave my Madeline to explain—let me ſee you to-morrow with her; till then Heaven be with you;" and without allowing time for farther entreaty, he followed his guardians, and in leſs than two hours occupied a dirty ſolitary room, up three pair of ſtairs, in the Fleet priſon. "Here, then, Oh Glendillon!" exclaimed he, throwing his agonized frame upon a wretched pallet, "here will thy deſtiny be completed—here will the huſband of Madeline—here the father of her child, unpitied and unknown, breathe out a loathed exiſtence.

A poor old woman entering, (who, like himſelf, perhaps had once known better days) offered her ſervices for one ſhilling a week, which being accepted, without thinking why, he threw her half-a-guinea. "The night is ſadly cauld," ſaid the old creature, in the Scottiſh dialect.—"Shall I get you ſomething comfortable, and light a fire, and help you to bed?" "Warm—comfort—bed," ſaid

ſaid he, wildly: "Alas! theſe ſounds bring madening thoughts. Oh, remembrance! torture me not!" "Sir," interrupted the woman, half frightened. "Good creature, leave me—do as thou wilt, I will thank thee—but, I pray thee, let me be alone."

He had lain but a ſhort time, revolving the various horrors of his condition, when the poor Scottiſh woman returned with her little load of neceſſaries—when making a cheerful fire, prepared a hot drink, and adminiſtered it to the ſuffering priſoner. He received it with thanks, adding, "Good creature, you can ſtill feel—methinks the wretchedneſs you muſt ſee, ſhould have blunted the keen edge of ſenſibility."—"What's your will?" ſaid ſhe, not underſtanding him. The power that teaches brutes to love their young, taught her humanity—It was an emanation of the Divinity, and not the cultivation of man. Contemplating the ills of others diverts us from our own.

"Your

"Your huſband is a priſoner, my friend?" ſaid Mr. Glendillon. "Oh, no, your honor, I have nae body but our John—and a braw lad he was; kept his auld mither with his wages from a Newcaſtle collier—but the King's captain preſſed him to fight the French—and when he was gone, a baker—Oh, he was a bad man!—gied me a writ. I kent na what to do, but gied it to a turney. In a wee while I got another—and they put me here, Lord help me, where I pick up ſcraps and ſhillings, by ſerving their honors, the captains."

"And is this," cried Glendillon, loſing the remembrance of his griefs in the enthuſiaſm of the moment, "is this, Oh, Britain! the boaſted freedom of thy envied ſons and daughters! Behold this woman—a poor widow, pining in a priſon for a paltry debt, while perhaps the life's blood drops from the gallant heart of her boy, fighting to defend thee, and promote thy glory." "Life's blood!" echoed the poor woman,

"life's

"life's blood! Belike ye are a captain, and ken my John is killed. Oh! Janet, Janet, where are ye now," "Be calm," replied Glendillon; "I am no captain, nor do I know your ſon; God preſerve him to you! It was only a thought of mine." "Aye, thought!" exclaimed Janet, ſighing, "that was a thought!"

When a little recovered from her panic, ſhe hung an old apron before the window, to keep out the light, and was wiſhing him good reſt, when ſuddenly returning, ſhe offered him the remainder of the half guinea. Looking at her pale furrowed face, and tattered garment, and then at the three and ſixpence, with a pitying eye, he ſaid, "Poor Janet! I give it thee; it may do thee good, but cannot relieve my wants; ſo put it in thy pocket, and procure a comforting cordial for thy cold cheerleſs heart." "The Lord be wi ye, and thank ye," replied ſhe, wiping the tears from her cheeks, as ſhe cloſed the door.

"How

"How little," ſaid the diſconſolate Glendillon, "contributes to the relief of the wretched! And how many, at this moment, are thoughtleſs, throwing thouſands on the hazard of a die, when leſs than one hundred would reſtore me to the gentle boſom of my widowed love! Ah! who now, my treaſured Madeline, will ſhield thy ſweetneſs; ſhelter thee and infants from this inclement ſtorm? Yet be calm, my tortured ſpirit—never were the good forſaken—the ſeed of righteous was never known to beg. Oh, then, be bleſſed ye deſcendants of the Great Montgomery! whoſe heart and habitation pitied and ſheltered the unfortunate." With theſe meditations he dropped into a diſturbed ſlumber, in which we ſhall leave him, and return to our Heroine.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

WHEN Mr. Glendillon left his wife, yielding to all the agony of deſpair, ſhe exclaimed, "All but this I could have endured—cold, want, and wretchedneſs I could have ſuffered—but to drag him from me! there only was the bitterneſs of fate—and I have felt it. Hope, lure me no more. I was born to diſaſter; and never, till the icey arms of death enfold me, ſhall I be at peace." Diſtraction was ſhaking her gentle frame, when the ſweet daughter of Miriam approached, liſping, "My mama, is papa in

in heaven, dead?" She ſtared wildly.—"Image of my ſainted friend, what wouldſt thou ſay?—No," replied ſhe, more calm. "Why you cry then? You tell Mad'ine to fear nothing, for papa live in heaven always." "Angelic comforter!—whiſpering angel!—there ſhone the ſpirit of thy bleſſed mother. In thee ſhe riſes from her lowly grave, to ſooth her wretched friend. Or has ſhe for a moment left her heaven, aſſumed this infant form, in ſoft compaſſion to my vaſt affliction, to whiſper peace divine, and bid my tortured heart repoſe on Him who is the joy of worlds. Oh God of boundleſs pity! then extend thy clemency, and pardon the deſpondency of thy creature. Support me, Great Eternal! paſs this bitter cup—or teach me in humility to bend to thine unerring will!

Mrs. Cook adminiſtered a compoſing draft, and attended her during the night. In the morning ſhe appeared tranquil and refreſhed, and declared herſelf perfectly able

to visit her husband. When she arrived at the Fleet, her feelings were indeed poignant, but they had been felt before. The human mind becomes passive under the repetition of calamity. She had been often in a prison—and the horror of bolts, gates, and hard unfeeling faces had greatly lost their effect—and beside, she repressed her emotions, and assumed the heroine, to inspire her husband with resolution, and give him comfort. The wretched appearance of the room, and tattered bed, a little deranged her composure; but she soon recovered in the embrace of her beloved Arthur.

"My only comfort!" said he, with anguish, "why come you here?" "I come for happiness," replied she, calmly. "Happiness! Madeline." "Yes—and shall find it in ourselves. It depends not on the form of a building, nor the decoration of an apartment." "Ever, my gentle monitress!" he replied; "ever the sweetner of my fate! you make even sorrow wear a smile."

She

She then related the reproof her tears received from the ſweet daughter of Miriam. Old Janet and her little ſtory were introduced, when Madeline kindly thanked her for attending her huſband. "Ah, God's bleſſing on him," replied the good creature. "He gied me the warmeſt heart I ha felt theſe many a cauld night—and, Lord be praiſed, he is gaily himſel the day."

In a few hours the little party became compoſed—but the dreaded pang was ſeparation. Madeline ſtaid to the laſt moment, when ſhe ſaw her huſband ſtruggling to ſuppreſs the anguiſh of his feelings, and hide it from her notice. "What is this reproach," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, alone, "which ſtrikes me? Shall I leave my huſband comfortleſs! leave him to ſad reflections. He will aſſociate with none—will partake no amuſement which the place affords, but paſſes his ſolitary hours regretting Madeline." She then, without conſulting him, as ſhe knew he would offer objections, determined to board the little

ones with Mrs. Cook, and fix her abode in the priſon of her Arthur.

Every thing was ſettled, and the day arrived that ſhe was to remove, when a letter from a dying ſiſter, in Wales, demanded the preſence of her landlady. Madeline ſtill reſolved to ſhare her Arthur's fate, placed the children with a decent clean woman, who bore a very good character, and lived only a few yards from London Road, and repaired to the Fleet. Neceſſary indeed was her cheering preſence and ſoft attentions, for an alarming languor appeared faſt gaining on the ſenſible mind of her huſband, and a ſlow fever weakening his conſtitution. Anxiouſly ſhe peruſed every paper, but no Lord Clifford's name, nor even Lord Delahay's. The obſcurity in which the fate of her ſiſter was involved, in any other circumſtances, would have filled her with inexpreſſible grief—but ſhe now found the truth of the lines—

" The heart which bleeds with ſorrows of its own,
" Forgets the pangs of friendſhip to bemoan."

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

MADELINE had now been ſome time the inhabitant of a priſon, and ſtill the proſpective of probability promiſed no change. The indiſpoſition of her huſband increaſed, yet a frown never appeared on his face, except when ſhe mentioned medical aid.

Almoſt ſinking beneath the preſſure of her calamity, returning from a pawnbroker's, where ſhe had been enabling herſelf to pay the nurſe a month's board, as ſhe entered

Fleet-Market, a pale female figure, buying ſome parſley at a ſtall, attracted her notice. Her heart acknowledged her; and, on a nearer approach, the voice of Mrs. Herbert ſtruck her ear. Madeline touched her gently —ſhe turned round, looked mournfully, and darting down a lane, was out of ſight in a moment. A tear fell from the eye of our Heroine, as ſhe thought on her poor languid form, and reduced appearance. "Poor Frances!" exclaimed ſhe, "you ſhun me from a conſciouſneſs of poverty, little ſuppoſing I am humble and wretched as yourſelf." To ſeek her was in vain—and vexed and diſpirited, ſhe returned to her huſband, when finding him rather better, ſhe related her little adventure.

Some evenings after, old Janet came in while ſhe was making tea, and made an humble requeſt: "Can you," ſaid ſhe, "ſpare me a wee corn tea and a bit ſugar, for a lady that was braw enough when ſhe came here, but is now, Lord guide us! without a meal

a meal of meat. She is worſe the day than ever—and ſent me to a bit o' a ſhop that's here, and they hae refuſed a poor ounce of tea." "Poor woman!" replied Madeline. "Take any thing I have that you think will do her good." "Ah, gued indeed," reſumed Janet, "a gued's gane frae her; and yet her huſband will no believe it, no, not though I telt him that I heard the chacky mill* myſel, a the night, at the head of the bed—but weel a wat, he's but a daft chield, and yet he ſometimes maks a fraſe aboot her."

The portrait was ſtriking to the mind's eye of Madeline. "Heavens!" interrupted ſhe, "what is the lady's name?" "A wat, I'm but a poor ane at names," replied Janet, "but I think it is Hemet, or Herbet, or ſomething there aboot." "Lead me to her," cried Madeline, impatiently. "It is—it muſt be my dying Fanny." Following old Janet to a remote part of the priſon, ſhe

* A term for the death watch.

entered a room, where, reclined on an humble bed, lay all that remained of the once lovely Fanny Cleveland.

Madeline embraced her, while she said, with the tears falling on her pale face, "Oh, my friend! why did you fly from me—from me, poor, and a wretched prisoner like yourself?" "I would have concealed my misery from you," replied Fanny, in feeble accents. "I heard you was married, and happy, as your virtues deserved." Madeline gave her a succinct account of herself since she left Bath; and, after making her a dish of tea, requested to know what distresses had reduced them to a prison.

"You left me," said Mrs. Herbert, "at Bath, happy as the world could make me—but, alas! my beloved Madeline, my peace was wrecked when I lost my innocence. When we returned to London, I took my little girl from nurse, and could have been contented. Mr. Weston soon after

after married my ſiſter, and introduced Mr. Herbert and myſelf to a ſcene of gaity, which, as it pleaſed him, made me happy.

"'They went on a viſit to Norfolk, and again I devoted my time to ſecure his affection, and train up my little Norah, who had been ſo named for a favorite ſiſter of Mr. Weſton—but to inſpire Herbert with a love for domeſtic bliſs, is left for ſome happier woman than your Fanny. Yet I received no reproach—no ill name—but we were "*joined*, not matched." He would make frequent excurſions. Sometimes I would welcome him back with all the joy I felt; at others, the weak woman would prevail, and tears and reproaches, for neglect, would eſcape me, though ſenſible that I only furniſhed arms againſt my own peace. Once, but once, he curſed the hour of our marriage, adding, tears were ridiculous, and female artifice totally loſt on him. When alone, I prayed for patience, for pardon for that fatal moment which imbittered all my

days. Mean time poverty was making haſty ſtrides, debts were contracted, and I beheld no proſpect of payment; but want, and all its horrors, approaching. Yet every thing was light, compared to ſelf-accuſation, and my Henry's indifference. In vain I watched his looks, and liſtened to what he approved. I could not excite his gratitude, or make home pleaſing. He was indifferent, and deemed it beneath the dignity of man to ſooth a woman's tender fears. Yet ſometimes he would charm me with all thoſe petites ſoins which ſo intereſt the heart.

My ſiſter and Weſton returning, we were again more lively, which convinced me that ſociety was neceſſary to the happineſs of Herbert. You may ſuppoſe, my friend, that bred as I had been, in the lap of pleaſure, he ſhould have had no Lovemore's complaint —but, alas, how to arrange amuſements when deſtitute of neceſſaries, I knew not. Either from tenderneſs, or want of confidence, I was a ſtranger to his affairs; ſeldom any circumſtance

circumſtance reaching me, until it had taken its rounds through a circle of ill nature, gathering bitterneſs as it rolled—when from ſome ſtranger's tongue at length it ſtruck my heart with agony. He once regretted that his fortune could not allow ſeparate beds; "Separate beds!" exclaimed I, "are you weary of your bed-fellow?" "No," replied he, "not wearied, but it is quite *a bore*, being crammed in warm weather—the very thought is ſuffocating." Mortified to anguiſh—as it realized my apprehenſions of indifference, I yet was ſilent, and reſigned myſelf to my fate, as a puniſhment for my firſt error—when the blow fell which reduced us to a priſon.

"He had received fifty pounds from Weſton to pay his taylor's bill—when a diſſipated acquaintance perſuaded him to go to a gaming table. The money was loſt, his friend offended, and he caſt into priſon. And here, Oh virtuous Madeline! you will behold the moment of thy friend's releaſe."

"Where, my Fanny, is Herbert now?" ſaid the weeping Madeline. "In ſome one's room," replied Fanny. "He will be here ſoon—for he is kind, gentle, and attentive; though the vivacity of his mind will not permit him to believe me near death. He is gay, even in priſon, and would fain laugh me out of what he calls my vapours."

Mr. Herbert ſoon came in—and while the bluſh of confuſion died his cheek, at ſeeing Madeline, he kindly enquired how his Fanny found herſelf. Mrs. Glendillon having ſhared her little ſtore, wiſhed her good night, and, attended by Mr. Herbert, returned to her huſband's room. "Ah, Mr. Herbert," ſaid ſhe, as he led her through the Gallery, "My ſweet Fanny is gone—her heart is broke—her peace is ruined—and you will ſoon loſe the moſt faithful wife that ever bleſſed man." "Good God!" replied he; "tell me not ſo—I cannot bear it—I ſhould reproach myſelf for ten thouſand things. Excuſe me," added he, wiſhing her good night; "I muſt return

to her—Oh my Fanny!" Madeline related ſome circumſtances her friend had mentioned—but concealed thoſe to the diſadvantage of her huſband.

A few nights after ſhe was requeſted to attend the expiring Mrs. Herbert. She had ſent for little Norah—and giving it to the arms of Madeline, ſaid, feebly, "Vouchſafe, my beloved, my unerring friend, to ſometimes notice this poor infant Guard her, I pray you, from the *fatal* failings of her mother: and may her father never forſake the pledge of a love *unbounded!* Beloved Henry," ſhe added, taking his hand, "I have had many faults, but none to you—for even in this bitter hour you are the deareſt thing I have—and I die happy in your beloved arms. Herbert!—Madeline!—all is very dark—yet all ſerene within—Heaven opens to receive me—Oh! farewell! until we meet—bleſs my child!—I come." Then with one ſoft ſigh ſhe fled to kindred angels.

Mr.

Mr. Glendillon, apprehenſive that the ſcene would be too diſtreſſing for ſpirits which had ſo much to ſuſtain as Madeline's, though ſtruggling with a fever, had tottered to Herbert's room, to conduct her home, when beholding her expire, and Herbert fall ſenſeleſs on the bedſide, left him to the care of old Janet, and returned with his weeping Madeline. Madeline, the next day addreſſed a few lines to Mr. Weſton, acquainting him with the death of Mrs. Herbert, and the wretched condition of the widower. He ſoon arrived at the Fleet; when the remains of the gentle, ill fated Frances were genteelly interred, and Mr. Herbert releaſed. Our poor Heroine, unwilling to expoſe her ſituation, had never ſeen Mr. Weſton; ſo that to her other cares ſhe had added that of the little Norah.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

THE death of Mrs. Herbert had ſo entirely engaged Madeline, that ſhe had never once thought of paying the nurſe, and was at laſt preparing to pay her a viſit, when ſhe entered with the two children. Little Madeline held out her arms to Mr. Glendillon, crying, "My papa," while Madeline took her boy, and in much confuſion deſired the nurſe to be ſeated. "I was juſt coming to you," ſaid ſhe, at laſt. "I am glad then I ſaved you the trouble," replied the hireling, drily; "for a lady, a good friend of mine, and well able

able to pay, has ſent me two children, ſo I can keep yours no longer. I am very poor, and a pains-taking woman can't afford to work and nurſe children for nothing. "Be not in pain," replied Madeline, reſuming ſome compoſure—"*nothing* was not the wages I intended you—but my infants ſhould not return with you, if, indeed, you would attend them for nothing. Take your two guineas." "Two guineas!" retorted ſhe; "marry come up! indeed—where is my guinea for dozens?" "Dozen of what?" repeated Madeline, weakly; for ſhe poſſeſſed not another ſhilling. "I received no dozen of any thing from you."

Mrs. Glendillon was a ſtranger to that perquiſite, which thoſe rapacious, neceſſary evils exact; and, without being able to reſtrain the abuſe of the nurſe, ſat in trembling ſilence, until her huſband exclaimed, "If you do not inſtantly quit this apartment, you inſolent woman, ſuch a puniſhment ſhall be inflicted on you, as ſhall prevent your impertinence

pertinence for ſome time." She had often heard of priſon diſcipline, and recollecting that January was not a pleaſant month for the cold bath, very wiſely decamped, muttering ſomething of poor beggarly priſoners.

Her appearance at the Fleet is eaſily accounted for. Five days having elapſed beyond the month, meaning to give a gentle hint, ſhe had carried the children to Mrs. Cook's, and being informed ſhe was in Wales, enquired for Mrs. Glendillon, when the poor girl, knowing no cauſe for concealment, directed her to the Fleet—and being unwilling to truſt a *jail bird*, fabricated the ſtory of having other children to nurſe. At the time ſhe received the infants, Madeline had ſo loaded her with kind preſents, that the accuſtomed guinea for dozens had never occurred—but when ſhe ſaw all hopes of the golden harveſt fade, forgetful of former favors, ſhe demanded the perquiſite from a purſe which contained not the twenty-firſt part of the ſum.

Behold

Behold now our diſtreſſed Heroine, with her huſband on a bed of ſickneſs, three helpleſs infants, and herſelf exhauſted, without friends, money, or the means of raiſing it. She had pledged the laſt article of her attire to ſupply the wants of her beloved Arthur, and ſatisfy the hunger of her darling children. She looked around, and in all the wide world knew not where to ſeek a cordial drop to cheer her fainting ſpirits. When evening dropped her ſable mantle and involved all in darkneſs, ſhe repaired to the pawnbroker with her cloak, the laſt remaining rag. "It will lengthen a weary exiſtence," cried ſhe, wildly, "a little longer." She returned through a heavy rain, with only the covering of a thin handkerchief to ſhelter her lovely boſom from the ſtorm.

Old Janet was her only attendant—and to accommodate the little infants, had removed her own mattraſs into the room of Mr. Glendillon—and when ſleep overpowered her own withered

withered frame, ſhe would, without a murmur, throw it acroſs their feet.

Mr. Glendillon in a few days loſt every remembrance of his miſery; a burning fever raged through his veins, and heightened the colour in his cheek. His lips were dry, and his eyes moſtly cloſed, except in any lucid interval, when he would raiſe them with love unutterable on the agonized Madeline. The angel of death appeared hovering around him, when a heavy ſigh burſting from his boſom, ſhe believed it his laſt, and claſping her hands, exclaimed, "Go not, go not, my dying love, alone!—Take me!—Oh, Eternal! leave me not on earth behind, leſt I forget myſelf and Thee—and—"

She was interrupted by the entrance of a tall figure, who, feeling her huſband's pulſe, caſt on her a pitying look, and exclaimed, "Poor young creature." Again attending to the ſuffering priſoner, he reſumed, "He ought to have been bled long

ago

ago—but give me pen and ink." Janet attended. "Let *this*," added he, giving the preſcription to Madeline, "be adminiſtered directly; and I will call to-morrow, when ſomething more deciſive may be ſaid." He then quitted the room.

Madeline looked at the ſlip of paper—took out her green purſe—alas! alas! examine it not. She flew, wildly, to the drawers—all were empty! To the trunk—it was totally exhauſted. Oh! proud of ſoul! who ſcorn an obligation; in ſuch a moment, ſay, where would ye not have knelt and begged for CHARITY? She ſtruck her forehead in madneſs, and ſtaggered to the bed. Her huſband ſtill reſpired, but each breath became fainter and fainter. She laid her hand to his lips—they quivered—while his teeth, from ſome inward convulſion, ſtriking on her *wedding ring*, a thought burſt upon her tortured ſoul. "Leave him not, Janet," ſaid ſhe—and deſcending the ſtairs, like lightning reached the pawnbroker's. Cold,

pale,

pale, and trembling, ſhe ſtaggered againſt the counter, and, gaſping, cried, "Haſten, or death." But ſhe had offered nothing—recollection failed—her green purſe was produced—it contained only the preſcription. Delirium was ſeizing her brain: when ſtretching out her hands, the ring gliſtened. "Take it!" ſhe cried: "I thought to keep it for ever—but take it, and let me ſave him. Oh, quick! he may have left me!" The pawnbroker ſtared—ſomething like pity moved him to give her more than three ſhillings—when a man, leaning againſt the door, exclaimed, "Poor lady! how wildly ſhe looks." His attention was ſoon drawn from our Heroine to an object in whom his heart was more intereſted, a young woman, ſeated in the ſhop, turning to him, ſhrieked, "God and his preſence guide her, it is her, herſel! I ken the purſe—it is the angel herſel!—Run," added ſhe to the man, as Madeline flew from the ſhop; "run, it is indeed her, herſel."

The

The wind blew cold in the face of Madeline, the rain fell heavy on her head, and all her garments were deranged, yet ſhe heeded not—but entering a chymiſt's ſhop, exclaimed, throwing down the purſe, preſcription, and three ſhillings, "Save him." She was ſerved quick as poſſible; when ſnatching the vial, thoughtleſs of all beſide, heeded not the man who had followed her, nor leaving the purſe. It was Monday night—the doors cloſed preciſely at ten—ſhe might be late. Driven by deſpair, her feet ſcarce touched the ground—and forcing through a crowd at the Fleet gates, was admitted as the clock ſtruck. "Oh Providence," ſhe cried, and gained her apartment.

"Oh, Janet, does he live?" ſaid ſhe, fearfully. "Aye a wat does he—but Lord hae a care o' us aw, where hae ye been? for ye hae frightned me out of my ſeven ſenſes; never was ſa feared in a my born days." Madeline liſtened not to the poor woman; her trembling hands were forcing open the lips

lips of her huſband. He received the mixture, ſeemed to ſwallow it, and dropped into a ſtupor, in which he continued till next morning. Madeline, falling on her knees, fixed her eyes on the abſent countenance of her huſband; leaving old Janet to manage the three children as ſhe could.

The morning dawned chill and cheerleſs, yet Madeline felt neither cold nor weary—but gazed on the face of Arthur, which gradually became paler and paler, until lips and cheeks were the hue of death itſelf. She beheld it, but was ſilent. She felt that the ſigh which burſt his heart, would alſo cloſe her ſufferings. Her infants ſhe bequeathed to the care of that Great Parent whom death could not affect, and ſhe was waiting the parting moment, when ſeveral people appeared. They were unheeded—when the phyſician who had preſcribed, feeling Glendillon's pulſe, ſaid, turning to the ſtrangers, "All is well, all is over now." Her eyes cloſed—and breathing a deep ſigh, fell

ſenſeleſs on the floor. "She muſt be bled, but time is precious," ſaid the humane phyſician, opening a vein himſelf. She was then conveyed to the next room, which happened to be unoccupied, and ſunk into a quiet ſlumber.

CHAP. XLVI.

IN little more than an hour Madeline awoke, and ſtarting from the bed, exclaimed, wildly, "my huſband." He is brawly," replied Janet; "an gin ye will but be quiet, believe, ye'll hae goud in goupins—for ye hae mare friends come, I trow,

trow, than the iron kirk wod had." Unintelligible as was the dialect to our Heroine, ſhe perfectly underſtood Janet's meaning of brawly, and replied, "Then I muſt get up and go to him." Madeline had determined, and Janet's entreaty was of no avail—ſo following into the room, ſhe exclaimed, "I kont right weel ſhe wud nae lide awa—but ſin ſhe is gane clean daft a wat ye mun guide her your ſels."

Madeline went up to the bed, and beholding her huſband in a ſweet ſleep, ſhe fervently thanked God—and looking round, to her unſpeakable ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction, beheld Joſiah Primroſe and her couſin Clement Darville, a woman of whom ſhe retained ſome faint recollection, and a man, a perfect ſtranger.

Clement enfolded her in the moſt affectionate embrace—and ſhe granted the ſame indulgence to the dear Joſiah, the brother of her lamented Miriam. The various

ſcenes for near four years paſt crowded on her mind, and ſhe burſt into a paſſion of tears, the firſt ſhe had ſhed for many days.

"And is it thus, Oh Madeline, we meet!" exclaimed Joſiah. "Thee, who from thy virtues ſhould have been the darling of delighted Heaven! Thee, the beloved of my heart! The friend (faltering) of my dear departed ſiſter! And do I, Oh, do I meet thee comfortleſs in a priſon! and for the funeral rights of Miriam! Thee, with the huſband of thy love, and thy children, all, all in ſorrow for the daughter of my parents! But I come, Oh, firſt of women! to wipe the tears of anguiſh from thine eyes, to comfort thy dejected ſpirit, and reſtore thee to thy deſerved happineſs."

Madeline comprehended but little what he meant—but her fears for her Arthur being abated, ſhe turned to the children, and aſked if any inſtinctive feeling pointed out the child of Miriam.

Indeed

Indeed the ſweet girl had introduced herſelf—for when Madeline fainted, on the phyſician ſaying, "All is over and well," believing her huſband expired inſtead of his fever having turned.

Joſiah wept—And the little Madeline, drawing up cloſe to him, ſaid, in her liſping voice, "I think every body cry now—papa, and mamma, and Janet, and you all cry—and no body to nurſe little Madeline."

Joſiah, however, replied that he had information of every circumſtance previous to his arrival at the priſon, ſo that nature could not altogether guide him.—Though, continued he, "Thy boy is dear to Joſiah as is the child of Miriam.

When a little recovered from her ſurpriſe, Madeline requeſted to know who the ſtrangers were. "Objects of your benevolence—and witneſſes of your ſufferings, my lovely couſin," replied Mr. Darville.

And that my readers may be acquainted with the means which brought the above perſonages to the Fleet priſon, I requeſt their attention to the proceeding chapter.

CHAP. XLVII.

THE reader may recollect the circumſtance, in theſe memoirs, of our Heroine having relieved a diſtreſſed woman, in the woods of Montgomery. It may alſo be remembered that ſhe was enabled, through the benevolence of Madeline and Miriam, to reach her huſband. Mr. Truman welcomed her with much affection, and for ſome

ſome months they lived in a ſtate of contentment. But a fire breaking out, communicated to their tenement, and reduced it and their poſſeſſions to aſhes—when, unable to again begin buſineſs, they reſolved on ſervice for a few years.

Mr. Truman had been ſervant to Lord Clifford, but being abroad at the time of his misfortunes, he applied to the domeſtics of Lord Delahay, when he was engaged to attend Mr. Darville abroad.

On the arrival of Mr. Darville in Philadelphia, he was ſoon introduced to the principal people, and among the reſt, to the young Joſiah Primroſe. A congeniality of ſentiment ſoon produced an intimacy, and they became inſeparable. It was then when Joſiah, deſcribing the virtues of her he loved, diſcovered that his friend was couſin to the lovely Madeline, which ſtill cloſer rivetted their attachment. When Joſiah and Clement received letters from their ſiſters

they were immediately communicated to each other; ſo that on their return to England, they had little more to learn than the death of Miriam and Glanville, and the recent misfortunes of Madeline.

Mr. Darville finding his own family abroad, haſtened to Lord Clifford's. There all was buried in obſcurity—when indulging a large portion of chagrin, Joſiah prevailed on him to accompany him to the Valley. Joſiah arrived there in time to cloſe the eyes of his father, and no more—he was paſt ſpeech—and his ſon was informed that he fell the victim of his own ſeverity and deſpair. Such, Oh bigotry! are thy triumphs!

Mary Summers informed him of his ſiſter's fate—her ſerene death—her dying words—and the conduct of Madeline on the occaſion, together with her ſubſequent misfortunes. But, alas! ſhe could give no intelligence of her ſince ſhe left Pall-Mall. Poor Joſiah

Joſiah had yielded to deſpondency but for the cheering conſolation of the amiable Clement, with whom he promiſed to return to Town, and perſevere until they had diſcoved Madeline.

A few days before they left the Valley, Joſiah was examining his father's papers, when, in a private cabinet, he found a note, in his father's hand, addreſſed to himſelf, as follows: "Though ſevere, ſon Joſiah, thy father would be *juſt*, I pray thee, then, reſtore unto Madeline the Caſtle and Lands of Montgomery. I underſtand ſhe nurtureth a daughter of the damſel who was thy ſiſter; ſomething therefore belongeth unto her.—Thee haſt wealth more than needful. Pray thee make it a greater bleſſing unto thyſelf than did thy father—thine, Joſiah, is the ſpirit of truth." "Yes, my father," exclaimed the generous youth, "it was my intention before I knew thy lateſt pleaſure—but this will ſatisfy the delicacy of that noble

heart, which might have declined it from the hand of poor Joſiah."

Mary had delivered Madeline's letter to Mr. Primroſe, and beheld the inward ſtruggle to ſuppreſs the burſtings of paternal regret. They laid him in the duſt—a ſad example to remorſeleſs parents! May they be warned! and never force a child to ſeek for ſhelter in another boſom. And ſhould they yield in hours of ſtrong temptation—learn from the fate of Joſiah Primroſe to receive the returning penitent with pity and forgiveneſs.

Mr. Darville and his friend returned to London, and after every poſſible inquiry to diſcover Madeline, were obliged to truſt to ſome fortunate chance for the happineſs—when, one day, the wife of Truman, in giving money to her huſband, diſplayed the green purſe which had been Madeline's, and which ſhe preſerved with the utmoſt care. Snatching it haſtily, he inquired where ſhe had

had it, when ſhe related the whole ſtory with that pleaſure ſhe ever felt in praiſing the benevolence of her preſervers. Joſiah needed no proof of the goodneſs of his ſiſter's or the angelic Madeline's heart; and returned the purſe in diſconſolation.

Ye who dare doubt the guardian providence of Heaven over the good, throw aſide the page. The very purſe which Madeline opened to relieve the wants of a fellow creature, was the means of bringing comfort to her own heart in the hour of bitterneſs and need. He who marked and applauded the widow's mite, kept the gentle deed in remembrance, and commiſſioned angels, in the appointed hour, conveyed her retribution.

During the abſence of Mr. Truman, neceſſity had obliged his wife to pledge her cloaths, and they were redeeming them that anguiſhed hour in which our poor Heroine was parting with her wedding ring. The

figure of Madeline was ſo altered, her dreſs ſo different, and her ſituation ſo unexpected, that though Mrs. Truman, at firſt glance, had ſome faint remembrance, ſhe had ſuffered her to depart—but when the agonized Madeline produced the purſe, conviction flaſhed on her mind. She had a heart grateful and humane, which bled to behold the angelic creature who had preſerved her, in ſuch a forlorn condition. And when ſhe ſaw the frantic manner in which ſhe left the ſhop, hardly retained power to incoherently entreat her huſband to follow. He traced her to the chymiſt's, but loſt her in the crowd which ſurrounded the Fleet gates.

The ſame evening they related their adventure to Mr. Darville and Joſiah, what were the ſenſations of the mild attached friend to whom the name of Madeline was dearer than life! What were the feelings of the generous Darville, to hear ſuch an account of a couſin who had ever intereſted his heart.

Early

Early next morning they repaired to the pawnbroker—he knew little—ſhe was a poor woman who had pledged every thing in his ſhop, even to her cloak, when ſhe returned without one. He knew not her abode—few named a real one. Tears fell from the friends—and they proceeded to the chymiſt's. He had never ſeen her before, and believed her inſane. He gave them the purſe ſhe had left, with the duplicate for the ring, ſaying, "The phyſician probably may tell you where he gave this preſcription. Sir W. F. lives in Hanover-Square. They indulged a ray of hope, and haſtened to the worthy knight. He was in his anti-chamber, ſurrounded by the diſeaſed, where, like ſome miniſtering ſpirit, he diffuſed his healing bleſſings. They approached, and anxiouſly entreated him to recollect where he had given that preſcription. The better ſtar of Madeline now ſhone, elſe among the many he gave, it had been unremembered—but he had wrote it on the back of a letter taken from his own pocket—and perfectly

recollected that he had given it in the Fleet priſon. Sir W. F. was an admirer of beauty —and though diſtreſs was never denied his aſſiſtance, it certainly more intereſted his feelings when ſolicited by an angelic figure like our Heroine. He therefore informed them, that having been to viſit a gentleman, a poor Scottiſh woman, not unknown to him, had entreated his advice for a dying man above, for whom he had preſcribed. Informing him of the rank and conſequence of his patient, they entreated him to accompany them. He complied, ſaying, if he then lived there was little to fear. Their arrival at the Fleet has been related.

When Madeline was removed, Joſiah haſtened to the warden, to procure the diſcharge of Mr. Glendillon, who informed him, the cauſe not having been decided, he could not grant his diſcharge. "I pray thee, then," reſumed Joſiah, "who is the plaintiff?—Where can he be found? The warden only knew his name was Sable, but would ſend

ſend for the attorney—when the bailiff, who had arreſted poor Glendillon, happening to be preſent, offered his ſervices to Joſiah, (who he beheld impatient, and offering gold for diſpatch) ſaying, he had taken his honor, Mr. Glendillon—knew the plaintiff well—that he was an undertaker—and had ſnapt his honor for the burial of Captain Glanville and his wife.

This was too much for Joſiah—tears of bitter reflection fell from his eyes as he gave the bailiff two guineas, deſiring him to haſten the liberation of Mr. Glendillon, and expect ample reward. Gold ſped the feet of Mr. Bondum—and in two hours the huſband of Madeline was at liberty.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

IN a few days Mr. Glendillon was ſufficiently recovered to ſit up—and the happy reverſe in his condition contributed to his cure. He beheld his Madeline delighted, —the infants ſmiling—and friends dealing out bleſſings around him. Mrs. Cook returning, the whole happy party repaired to her houſe until matters could be arranged.

Mr. Glendillon being able to liſten to buſineſs, Joſiah, with a look of exquiſite goodneſs and benign ſatisfaction, preſented him with

with the title deeds of Montgomery Caſtle, adding thoſe of a former mortgage. "In preſenting theſe," ſaid the noble youth, "I but execute the will of a repentant father, as this will convince thee, (diſplaying Mr. Primroſe's letter.) But if thee, Madeline, and thy huſband, indeed regard Joſiah, ye will accept this offering of my friendſhip. Yet, if *too* high in ſpirit, (pride Madeline knoweth not) I pray ye receive this other paper, as guardians to the child of our ſainted Miriam. Her words, when dying, cannot be forgotten. Said ſhe not, loved Madeline, that thee ſoothed her parting moments—cloſed her dying eyes—and didſt thee not repoſe her modeſt form in hallowed ground? Did ſhe not bid thee ſay unto Joſiah, that ſhe wanted not his pity for her child—but to remember that ſhe was a Madeline? I pray thee, then, receive this from my hand, and gratify the friendſhip of Joſiah."

Madeline, ſuſpecting the value of the paper, looked at her huſband. His ambition was

was independence—but pride alone could have refuſed the bounty of Joſiah. Glendillon preſſing his hand, with a look which diſplayed the feelings of his heart, replied, "Yes, my dear friend, I accept this teſtimony of your benevolent friendſhip. *I am*, and will be, father to your ſiſter's child—and, as a proof, ſhe ſhares my heart with the loved Arthur. Whatever your paper may contain belongs alike to each—and," continued he, ſmiling, "rather than pay another viſit to the Fleet, I ſhould deſcend from heroics, and diſappoint them both of your generous kindneſs." Madeline was pleaſed —Joſiah triumphed—and Glendillon felt not humbled, even when retiring—he found the paper a draft for ten thouſand pounds.

This happy party had paſt ſeveral weeks together without having known the languor of a moment: but no ſooner were the clouds of ſorrow diſperſed, and the tumult of various pleaſures ſubſided, than our Heroine's anxiety for her ſiſter returned. Sometimes ſhe would conjure

conjure up ideas of revenge, that Lord Clifford might have practiſed for paſt indiſcretions: then, when ſhe conſidered the kindneſs and nobleneſs of his diſpoſition, ſhe would baniſh them. Yet ſtill her fears were not to be repreſſed.

They were one day amuſing themſelves with the three children, when little Norah prattling to Mr. Glendillon, called him her dear papa. Madeline addreſſing him, ſaid, "We are certainly very reprehenſible, my dear Arthur, not to have inquired for this ſweet child's father—why ſhould we monopolize the pleaſure ſhe affords, and deprive him of the ſweeteſt ſenſations in nature." "I ſubmit, my life, to your reproof, and will ſeek Herbert directly," replied her huſband.

When Mr. Weſton releaſed Mr. Herbert from confinement, his friendſhip went farther—he gave him money for preſent expences—and in parting, ſaid, with a friendly zeal,

zeal, that he hoped the ſevere checks misfortune had given his volatility, would teach him experience, and induce him to eſtabliſh ſome reputation as a worthy member of ſociety. The nature of Herbert could ill brook reprehenſion—but imprudence had reduced him to diſtreſs, and diſtreſs laid him under obligation, when ſubmiſſion was the hard leſſon he had to practiſe.

The morning after he returned to his chambers in the Temple, he was awoke early by a gentleman on buſineſs, and detained ſome time. It was a particularity in his temper to deſire his breakfaſt the moment he aroſe; and his Fanny, attentive to all his wiſhes, had ſeldom made him wait for it many minutes. He entered the dining-room peeviſh—the conference had not pleaſed him—he wanted his morning repaſt; and when he would have raiſed the comforting cup to his lips, the tea was unmade. It is impoſſible to conceive by what ſimple circumſtances our paſſions and wiſhes are influenced.

fluenced. Remembrance ſtruck hard at his heart—he felt "a craving void," an aching wiſh—and ſighing, exclaimed, "Oh, my Fanny!"

The mind of Herbert was a ſoil rich in many virtues, though vivacity often miſled him. Now his regret was too late. He looked around for the little mild figure which preſided at his board—alas, it was fled, and his hours became lonely—his mornings no longer cheered by her innocent ſalute—his days no longer amuſed by her endearments—nor his evenings ſoothed by her gentle endearments. Every hour increaſed his diſcontent—and now that her eyes were cloſed, and the grave emboſomed her beloved form, he reflected with anguiſh on the many ſlights ſhe had received with patient meekneſs. He remembered her tenderneſs and virtues, her unbounded affection, and the various ſevere ſorrows, wants, and humiliations ſhe had endured, without reproaching him for the loſt independance he had promiſed.

He

He now had no one intereſted in his ſucceſs—none to regret or ſoften his diſappointments, and he became careleſs of his fate. His mind, attuned to love and pleaſure, was become comfortleſs and deſerted—to look back brought unavailing regret—and the future but inſanity at beſt—and he was ſinking into a dull ſtupor, indifferent to the world and himſelf, when Mr. Glendillon once more introduced him to cheerful ſociety and innocent pleaſures.

With the ſincereſt ſatisfaction Mrs. Glendillon welcomed him—and ſmiling benevolently, put the little Norah in his arms. She was indeed her father's child in mind and feature. Nothing could ſurpaſs the vivacity of her ſpirits—and now that ſhe had the perfect uſe of her tongue, her father never rattled with more volubility to a pretty woman, than Norah to her doll, when her mamma, as ſhe called Mrs. Glendillon, encouraged her prattle. All the father glowed within the boſom of Herbert when embracing her;

her; but turning to her maternal friend, ſaid, "She is not near ſo pretty as Arthur and Madeline." "Another ſuch expreſſion," replied Mrs. Glendillon, half offended, "and you ſhall not ſee her theſe ſeven years. But to mortify you—except having finer eyes and a purer ſkin, ſhe is the image of yourſelf." He laughed—and, with ſome ſerioufneſs, requeſted her advice how to place her in future.

"You are, my dear Herbert," interrupted Mr. Glendillon, "in what one of our poets terms a "houſeleſs condition;" and my wife is too fond of Norah to truſt her to any care but your own. So if you will allow her to ſupply the place of your amiable Fanny, it will amply reward any attention that may be paid her." Herbert's gratitude could only be equalled by the benevolence of the propoſal. Every advantage was ſecured the child; and he had the ſatisfaction to ſee her growing improvements as often as ſuited his convenience.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

MR. GLENDILLON had now appointed the first day of May for removing to the Castle of Montgomery. Various emotions agitated the mind of our Heroine upon the occasion. But she was surrounded with so many blessings, that had she known the fate of her beloved Ellen, pleasure had been the predominant passion.

She was one morning with Josiah and Mr. Herbert, enjoying "sadly pleased remembrance," in conversing of a long list of sainted friends,

friends, when the door opened, and ſhe found herſelf in the arms of Lady Bab Darville. Releaſed from her embrace, ſhe beheld Lord Darville and Clement. Welcoming them with graceful eaſe and unfeigned pleaſure, ſhe requeſted to know for whom they were attired in ſuch deep mourning. A tear ſtarted in the eye of Lady Bab, as ſhe replied, it was for her father. "And," interrupted her brother, (now Lord Delahay) "as a remembrance of his eſteem for you, my dear couſin, he has bequeathed you one thouſand pounds." Madeline was grateful for this mark of her uncle's regard; and could not help reflecting how bountifully fortune beſtowed her favors when leaſt wanted and expected.

Lord Delahay, turning to Glendillon, ſaid, "Some of theſe days I ſhall hail you brother peer—for your brother died at Spa; bequeathing his fortune to an Italian Signora, who had lived with him ſome months." Mr. Glendillon had never lived on what is termed even a good footing with his brother. They widely

widely diſſented in principle and manners. So he deplored the relation without being able to regret him as a friend. And the idea that he ſhould one day raiſe his lovely Madeline to the rank of a peereſs, almoſt unknown to himſelf, conveyed a ſatisfaction.

The party dined en famille—and after dinner Madeline and Lady Bab retiring, converſed on the death of Miriam, Glanville, and the gentle Fanny. Lady Bab, ſhedding a torrent of tears to the memory of Mrs. Herbert, declared ſhe would ever be a mother to her Norah. Madeline thought ſhe bluſhed in ſpeaking, and replied with ſome archneſs, "It muſt be then, my dear Bab, to the future ſons and daughters of Herbert, for he has reſigned Norah totally to me." The gentlemen ſoon joined them—and in courſe of converſation, Lady Bab mentioned her mother's intention of paſſing the ſummer with a married ſiſter in the Weſt. "I wiſh then," replied Madeline, "I could prevail on my aunt to allow me to hide you a few months

months at Montgomery—You would then return with ſuch a zeſt for the gaieties of Town." "You mean diſguſt for the follies of it," ſaid her ladyſhip.—"But I heartily wiſh you would aſk my mother's permiſſion." "We ſhall have an excellent party then," ſaid Glendillon, "for Herbert accompanies us, and Lord Delahay and Clement promiſe to join us the end of the ſummer." Lady Bab declared it would be quite charming; and next day Madeline received the care of her couſin from Lady Delahay.

At length the cheerful morning arrived; when Madeline, Lady Bab, Glendillon, Joſiah, and Herbert ſet out in an elegant poſt coach. The children, with Mr. and Mrs. Truman, the Abigails, and, though laſt, not leaſt in exultation, old Janet, in poſt chaiſes. The honeſt creature, when releaſed by the kind Madeline, was aſked whether ſhe preferred a little ſhop, or would accept a corner in the aſylum of Montgomery, replied, with all her Caledonian ſimplicity, "I'll e'en

throng it with ye, and think the day the blitheſt I hae ſeen theſe ſeven years."

At length the beloved towers of Montgomery appeared, and gladened the ſight of our Heroine. The fragrant beauties of ſpring were ſcattered with luxuriant bounty over the ſurrounding ſcenery, while the balmy zephyrs diffuſed their ſweetneſs, and regaled the ſenſes. At the requeſt of Joſiah the party accepted an invitation to the Valley, until the Caſtle was prepared for their reception.

The news of their arrival brought congratulations from every quarter, and all ranks. How pleaſurable was the incenſe of affection to the mind of our Heroine! How gratifying to her huſband, to hear her praiſes echoed from every tongue! "This indeed, my love," ſaid he, "is the region in which you ought to reign. Here your early virtues will ſhine in meridian ſplendor—and here will your faithful dependants feel a benefactreſs

riſe

riſe from the tomb of your venerated regretted parents." Madeline looked her huſband thanks—and turning to the tenantry and poor, with an air of benignity, thus addreſſed them: "I have brought you, my old friends, a landlord who will be careful of your intereſts, and grateful for your attachment. And you, leſs rich in the favors of fortune, to you and your deſcendants ſhall the aſylum of Montgomery ever be open. The old and infirm ſhall again be cheered and protected, while the young and ignorant are inſtructed and provided for." The benevolent pair then retired amidſt the bleſſings of the delighted throng.

A thouſand tender remembrances crowded on the memory of Madeline on entering the beloved Caſtle. She viewed even inanimate objects as ſacred relics of her parents—and prayed ſhe might be enabled to ſupport the glorious character they had bequeathed her.

The weſtern wing of the Caſtle was now repaired, and the whole reſtored to its ancient magnificence. Madeline found the aſylum windows a good deal ſhattered; and nettles again ſpringing up. They were weeds her ſocial heart could never endure. They ſoon made way, under her influence, for cheerful plants—and in three months the aſylum was on its former eſtabliſhment.

Jarvis was immediately made an inmate of the Caſtle, and old Martha only waited the return of Mr. Alworthy.

"How gracious is Providence to me!" ſaid Madeline, one day alone. "My parents, who once diffuſed peace and gladneſs through theſe ſcenes, are retired indeed to everlaſting reſt. My firſt dear friends have been early called unto their native heaven—and yet how rich I am in bleſſings! happy in the kindeſt huſband, a blooming infant, and ſweet relics of thoſe departed. Oh, my ſiſter! my friend! my Ellen, had I but thee!

thee! Grant me, mighty God, this comfort, and my felicity is complete."

Mr. and Mrs. Glendillon beheld, with much ſatisfaction, a mutual regard between Lady Bab and Mr. Herbert. From their firſt acquaintance her ladyſhip beheld him with the eye of friendſhip, and viewed even his failings through the medium of partiality. And now that ſhe was the independent miſtreſs of twenty thouſand pounds, had no dearer wiſh than to beſtow it on Mr. Herbert. She was ſenſible that he had often treſpaſſed on the ſweetneſs of her favourite Fanny; but he was now older, had experience, and his errors ariſing rather from the vivacity of his manners, than a depravity of heart, ſhe believed he had perfectly renounced.

With theſe ſentiments, which ſhe took little care to conceal, ſhe often felt provoked at his reſpect and apparent indifference.—Poor Lady Bab reflected not that Herbert was without a guinea, and his whole expec-

tations depending on his tongue and abilities, which, though perfectly competent to ſhine in private life and pleaſe a pretty woman, were too unſolid and ſuperficial to plead with great eclat at the bar. He poſſeſſed a high ſenſe of honor, and conſidered the world would attribute his attentions to Lady Bab Darville to mercenary motives.

Mrs. Glendillon ſurpriſing him one day in a very penſive humour, in a voice of raillery, demanded the ſubject of his contemplations. He replied, "They were indeed on my departed Fanny—and yet—" "And yet," added ſhe, ſmiling, "the ſocial heart of Herbert feels "it is not good for man to live alone." I can feel for you, have long reſpected you, and, on my friend's account, almoſt love you. Submit then to my guidance, and I will direct you to happineſs. It courts your acceptance from the hand of Lady Bab. But remember," continued ſhe with ſolemnity, and taking his hand, "remember! there muſt be no fatal—no improper

per proof of confidence demanded—No—though you uttered no reproach, it imbittered every hour of a weary life—and, though concealed from you, laid your Fanny in an early grave. Think then on all the anxious moments ſhe endured—look with an eye of pity into her lowly bed, where alone ſhe could ceaſe to remember, and be warned from future error." Let the man who ever humbled innocence to ſelf-accuſation, conceive the ſenſations of Herbert at the addreſs of Madeline. That Fanny had diſcovered one circumſtance, which might be ſuppoſed female pride would have concealed, was now certain—and the confeſſion aſſured him that it had preyed upon her delicate mind, and was reprobated by a woman whoſe conduct and ſentiments were univerſally approved.—She ſtill held his hand—The bluſh of regret crimſoned his face, and he trembled with agitation, when the entrance of Lady Bab and Mr. Glendillon completed his painful confuſion. Madeline felt herſelf a little embarraſſed—ſhe wiſhed to drop the hand of

Herbert, but that implying a conſciouſneſs of wrong, ſhe ſtill held it—and raiſing her eyes to her huſband, in whom ſhe diſcovered neither ſurpriſe nor diſpleaſure, became ſo eaſy, that, ſmiling, ſhe deſired him to comfort his friend, and followed her couſin, who had haſtily quitted the room.

"Pray, Madeline," exclaimed her ladyſhip, "what have you been ſaying to Herbert? Still documenting him about poor Fanny?" "I have been adviſing him," replied ſhe, provokingly calm, to honor her memory." "Honor her memory," repeated Lady Bab. "What, by a life of celibacy I ſuppoſe." "Why not, couſin?" "Upon my conſcience you are mighty kind." "Kind, Lady Bab," interrupted Madeline, "kind to whom?" "To whom, echoed the embarraſſed couſin, "why to—to Mr. Herbert." "Do not bluſh, my ſweet friend," reſumed Madeline, "I know you regard him; and have been trying to remove a few blemiſhes from as worthy a heart as ever glowed—

and

and when they are removed, I hope to ſee you, my charming couſin, repoſe under his protection. He loves you, Bab; but an inferiority of condition ſeals his lips."

Lady Bab, embracing her couſin, confeſſed her attachment. An explanation ſoon took place—and the lovers became happy as love and flouriſhing expectations could make them. Still they could wrangle—and a circumſtance, trifling in itſelf, had nearly interrupted their pleaſing proſpects.

He had by ſome means offended Norah—and when he next deſired her to come to him, the little high ſpirited girl refuſed—His command was repeated, when ſhe replied, "Norah will not come." The father was mortified—and yielding to the anger of the moment—he corrected her. Lady Bab was ſtruggling to get the child from him, when Madeline entered. "Savage monſter!" ſaid her ladyſhip, "to beat a child." She was taken away, when Mrs. Glendillon ſaid,

mildly, "Your method of treating children, Mr. Herbert, is different from mine. I would encourage obedience by kindneſs—not enforce it by ſeverity. The mind of youth is eaſily impreſſed with ideas of right, if applied with a determined ſoftneſs—whereas, manual correction only hardens the heart, and renders it indifferent to ſhame. I engage to lead your little one to duty with a few words—when your chaſtiſement, though repeated, would only make her more perverſe." At any other time Mr. Herbert would have liſtened with deference—but his paſſions, ever irritable, were now enflamed. Lady Bab had called him ſavage, accuſed him of cruelty, and arrogated to herſelf what his pride deemed a freedom, ſpringing from conſcious ſuperiority—drawing a contraſt between her ſpirit and Fanny's meekneſs, which, though it might have trembled for the child, would have been ſilent, he replied, "Where I paſſionately love, I am impatient of contradiction." "If you can love any thing paſſionately," interrupted her ladyſhip, with

with diſdain, "the object is truly pitiable; poor Fanny!" That was too much for his haughty nature. She had now inſulted him; pitied his wife, and doubted his honor. Almoſt choaking with indignation, he replied, "Madam, I thank you for the warning," and left the room.

At the deſert the children were introduced, and the offending Norah went up to Madeline. "I do not know you," ſaid ſhe. "I am Norah," replied the child. "No; Norah would have gone to her papa when he deſired her." The child burſt into tears—and creeping to her father's knee, kiſſed his hand, ſaying, "Mamma won't know me—You beat me, and don't love me—now I am come, you may beat me again." "I will love you, my little darling!" replied her father, preſſing her in his arms—while convinced of Mrs. Glendillon's better method.

Norah was reſtored to favor—and Herbert requeſted Madeline to forgive a ſally of

paſſion which he could not reſtrain—when Lady Bab, bluſhing for ſome expreſſions ſhe had uſed, ſaid, "Well, ſince Herbert is ſo humble, I will deſcend a little alſo, and confeſs I treated him unbecoming that regard I feel, and he deſerves—and I requeſt his good nature will accept this as an apology, and ſpare a thouſand ſirs and madams, which would anſwer no good purpoſe." With one of thoſe ſmiles which ſo well became him, Herbert, kiſſing her hand, replied, "Charming Lady Bab! "Lés quérrelles dés amans, ne ſont que le rénouveller de l'amour." Thus the diſpute finiſhed, which, from a mutual hauteur of character, might have divided their affections, and left them to unavailing regret.

CHAP.

CHAP. L.

A YEAR and a half had now elapſed ſince Lord and Lady Clifford were recluſes in the bleak ſolitude of Glomart. Nor, during that period, had the blooming Ellen ſeen "the human face divine," except an old curate, who regularly read prayers every Sunday.

Once only ſhe ventured to remonſtrate, in a ſtormy night in December, when the tempeſt, rocking the battlements, threatened the deſtruction of the ancient manſion—but he

he replied with firmneſs, that were its walls tottering round them, he would not move. At length, expectation being wearied out, ſhe welcomed reſignation, as her beſt companion, pleaſed her huſband, played with her ſon, and delighted in her muſic. She had adapted a number of tunes for the different humours of her lord, which ſeldom failed in their effect. If inclined to be peeviſh or moroſe, Lord Lyttleton's Farewell, Mary's Lamentations, or Little Pickle's Pathetic Addreſs were ſure to harmonize him. If gay, ſhe indulged the propenſity with the ſprightly glees he moſt admired. But when ſerious or thoughtful, ſhe would chant forth the Marſeillois Hymn melodiouſly, or ſtrike Ca ira on the keys with wonderful velocity, upon either of which he would ſtart up, and taking her hand, exclaim, "Any thing elſe, my dear Ellen, however diabolic—but ceaſe to remind me of that infernal crew, whoſe deeds diſgrace the annals of humanity. Her aim anſwered, ſhe would deſiſt, and the evening paſs as uſual.

One

One day, after returning from a ride, he informed her he had received letters which rendered it neceſſary to go to Clifford Park. Ellen's heart beat. Three days, added he, will ſuffice for the buſineſs—ſo order breakfaſt, my dear, to-morrow, early. Delightful ſenſations now fluttered in her breaſt. She could point out the beauties of that elegant ſeat, the rejoicing domeſtics, and by making the ſweet contraſt ſteal upon his ideas with ſoft perſuaſions and a delicate flattery, none knew better than herſelf how to apply, induce him to fix his abode at Clifford Park, and enjoy ſoberly—yes, quite ſoberly, every elegant domeſtic pleaſure.

Riſing at break of day, ſhe ſlipped on her riding dreſs, and deſcended to prepare the tea. When his lordſhip appeared, ſhe aſſumed the demureſt look ſhe could—and having taken one cup of tea, he aroſe.—"Come, Ellen, I muſt be gone." She followed to the porch, when turning round, he kindly kiſſed her, ſaying, "Do not come farther

farther, my love, adieu! Expect me on Friday."

Never had Lady Clifford felt so mortified, or looked so silly. Every former high expectation fled before the poor hope that her lord was a stranger to the simple ideas she had indulged. Slowly she returned to the parlour, when resuming her accustomed seat, she exclaimed, "If I do not deafen him with Ca ira and the Marseillois Hymn until I am weary, may I never know the pleasure of hope again. But—please him or teaze him, it is all one, for I am now convinced he is as immovable as yonder hideous rock; and lest he should leave me to flutter in my stone cage alone, I had better resist ill humour."

"Ma, ma," lisped a voice sweet as a dulcet to her ear. "My precious boy! exclaimed she, in transport, taking him from the girl's arms who had entered. "Heaven, to sooth me in a disappointed hour, hath, for

for the firſt time, ſtrengthened thy ſoft tongue to cheer me with the name of mother." Perfectly delighted with the ſound, ſhe forgot her chagrin, and by the day appointed for her lord's return, had taught the little cherub to ſay papa.

The promiſed day arrived—the evening cloſed, and ſtill no Lord Clifford appeared. Ellen had never known an anxious hour of abſence. A thouſand fears alarmed her—he might be overturned—he muſt croſs the dreary heath—might be murdered: all within the limits of poſſibility ſhe had conjured up to torment her, when he arrived. She was in his arms in a moment. "Oh, my Frederick!" ſhe cried, a tear gliſtening, "how I have been alarmed for your ſafety." "Alarmed for my ſafety! my ſweet girl. Would it not have been a kind ſtone, or piſtol, that had broke my neck, or knocked my brains out, and releaſed you from this confinement?" "How unkind," replied ſhe,

"the

"the world without you would be a joyleſs deſert. With you, even this ſolitude has a thouſand charms." "And yet, my Ellen," reſumed his lordſhip, with ſome archneſs, "you will infringe on my ſtrict plans." "Indeed I, I will not," returned ſhe. "For were the gates open for my departure, unleſs you wiſhed it, I would not paſs the drawbridge." "I don't ſo much ſuſpect you going out," returned he, eyeing her, "as that you will encourage the intruſion of ſtrangers." "Encourage the intruſion of ſtrangers!" repeated her ladyſhip. "Encourage the intruſion of ſtrangers!—why your lordſhip muſt firſt introduce them."

Whether it was in Ellen's voice, form, or manner—or what ſtrange combination of ideas poſſeſſed Lord Clifford's fancy, and excited his riſibility, was beſt known to himſelf—but, after in vain ſtriving to ſuppreſs a ſmile, and compoſe his features, like waters guſhing with redoubled fury from a ſhort reſtraint,

ſtraint, he burſt into repeated peals of laughter—and, ſtarting up, exclaimed, "Oh, by my conſcience, that is too much," flew from the room.

"Yes," ſaid Lady Clifford, after an involuntary laugh, which expreſſed more wonder than merriment, "it muſt be ſo, he is certainly bewitched—poſſeſſed. Well, fortune be praiſed, 'tis with a merry ſpirit, and may baniſh the diſmals which infeſt old Glomart."

CHAP.

CHAP. LI.

LADY CLIFFORD's complacency and ſweetneſs had one evening ſo ſoftened the feelings of her Lord, that he granted a half promiſe to permit a correſpondence with her ſiſter. She was delighted; and, ſeated on his knee, was rewarding him with her innocent endearments, when a loud knocking at the gates ſhook the old Caſtle to the foundation. The phenomenon made them ſtart—but his lordſhip reſuming his compoſure, took down his piſtols—Ellen held by his coat, and young Frederick wrapping

ping himſelf in his mother's train, they proceeded to the hall, where they were reinforced with the old man with a fire-ſhovel, the young lout with his pitchfork, the houſekeeper with a poker, and the country laſs with the tongs—while two huge dogs followed in the rear, making the old porch reſound with their yell.

Thus arranged in battalia, in an authoritative voice, his lordſhip demanded who was there, and what they wanted. "Lord Clifford," anſwered ſome one without. "Who names Lord Clifford I ſhould in no way fear. Let the gates be opened." They were—when Mr. and Mrs. Glendillon, Lady Bab Darville, and Mr. Herbert appeared to the aſtoniſhment of Lord and Lady Clifford. The piſtols dropped from the hands of his lordſhip, the ſhovel and pitchfork were grounded, the poker became a leaning ſtaff, and the tongs was flung acroſs the ſhoulder of Joyce. The ſiſters ruſhed into each other's arms, and Glendillon approached Lord Clifford, while

while Lady Bab, in the attitude of amazement, exclaimed, "Kind miniſters of grace defend us, what a group of figures! Hogarth deſcend and exerciſe thy fancy upon the retinue of Clifford's Lord!"

Some degree of order being reſtored, the inhabitants of Glomart conducted their gueſts to the parlour, which furniſhed a new fund for the raillery of Lady Bab. The ſiſters and Glendillon were delighted. Herbert had time for nothing but wonder—while Lord Clifford certainly experienced ſome portion of chagrin and confuſion, on conſidering the very groteſque ſtate in which he had been ſurpriſed.

When ſupper was removed Mrs. Glendillon gently complained of his lordſhip's long ſecluſion. "Indeed, my dear Lord," ſaid ſhe, "you know not how ſeverely I have ſuffered by it." "I am not aware of that," interrupted his lordſhip, "unleſs you mean from anxiety for your ſiſter." "Extremes,

tremes, my Lord," reſumed ſhe, "are ever dangerous. I know your motive for concealment. But would it not have given you remorſe to have heard the ſiſter of your Ellen, her child, and her huſband periſhed in want—that ſhe had wandered to your gates to ſeek commiſeration from a darling ſiſter, but could find her not—that ſhe inquired for your retirement, to aſk your aid, to ſave her in an hour of anguiſh. Oh, Clifford, think, when this poor ring was all the world had left me, and when given to procure a drop to moiſten the parched lips of my Glendillon; think, and ſay, have I not ſuffered from your obſtinate concealment?—But for a friend, who, like ſome guardian angel, came and ſaved me, I had not been to tell you this ſad tale."

Ellen wept in ſilence, while various agitation ſhook the frame of Clifford. "I need not," ſaid he at length, "I need not profeſs, Mrs. Glendillon, with what pleaſure every ſtore of mine ſhould have opened to you, or your

your huſband. When, with a view to ſecure your mutual peace, I have renounced all the privileges of rank, wealth, and pleaſure, and devoted my future life to ſolitude, in this cheerleſs dwelling." "Gracious Heaven!" interrupted Madeline, "you mean not to remain here—you will not deprive the good of thoſe bleſſings your power can diffuſe—nor bereave me of all my parents left—my beloved ſiſter?" "Pity me, Mrs. Glendillon, when I muſt refuſe you, and give diſappointment to your wiſhes. A reſolution has paſſed theſe lips which cannot be revoked. *Here*, for ever, muſt I remain, till—" his voice failed.

Never had our Heroine felt ſuch reſentment—never received ſuch dreadful intelligence. She reſumed, with all the diſpleaſure which agitated her mind, "My ſiſter, Sir, has made no ſuch reſolution, I ſuppoſe—and will conſider ſhe owes more to her family than tamely yield to the caprice of a tyrannic huſband." "I thank you, Madam," ſaid his

his lordſhip. "From you I merit this, perhaps. Ellen," continued he, turning to her, "when I renounced the world, I certainly included you—but in my voluntary vow I mentioned not your name. That reſervation allows me to ſay, you may depart. Young, beautiful, and worthy admiration, for you the world hath many charms, upon you many claims. I am no tyrant, Lady Clifford, though honored with the title. Return then, with your ſiſter to thoſe captivating ſcenes and pleaſures, in which you are formed to ſhine. Take alſo your boy—command my fortune, and be as happy as in this lone Caſtle I ſhall ever pray. And ſhould a thought of Clifford e'er obtrude upon your ſmiling hours, give a ſigh to the remembrance of a huſband who doated on you beyond the bounds of reaſon, and who is the ſelf-devoted victim of upright intentions. I have erred, and I ſhall make atonement."

What a moment for Lady Clifford!—Every allurement tempted her—ſiſter, child,

friends, an admiring world, diſtinction, rank, and fortune, all diſplayed their varied charms, and courted her acceptance. Could gay two and twenty voluntarily reſign them? Reflection turned the mirror. She beheld her huſband ſighing out his wearied dejected ſoul, —a huſband that adored her, gave her every comfort, every joy. She beheld him pining in languor and ſickneſs—on a lonely bed, regretting her who had abandoned him. Heard him invoking endleſs bleſſings on the heart which had every way involved, and then forſook him. She beheld his eyes cloſe. Tortured fancy could bear no more. A while ſhe remained motionleſs—her boſom beat with conflicting paſſions—yet no tear relieved her. At length, riſing from her chair, ſhe knelt at the feet of her huſband, and folding her hands with a beautiful fervor, thus addreſſed him: "I acknowledge my tranſgreſſions, Lord Clifford, and my ſins are indeed before me. I have been often reprehenſible—but my heart will now glory in its duty, and patiently ſubmit to a confine-

ment

ment merited by former errors. Witneſs, Oh angels, how I love my ſiſter; ye ſaints, how I eſteem my friends; Oh Heaven!" her voice faltering, "how I adore my child. Still witneſs, great and united Powers, that I regard my huſband above them all—all ſink before his peace—all are reſigned before his love. I am his friend, his wife, his only comfort—will ſhare his fate, and never leave him, nor forſake him."

The ſoul of Madeline exulted in ſuch a ſiſter. She approved her conduct—and, with admiration and wonder, contemplated her firmneſs, while ſhe regretted that ſuch exalted ſentiments were doomed to ſolitude for ever. Her heart reproached Glendillon, as the primary cauſe of the misfortune; and perhaps, as ſhe was but a human being, it had found the way to her lips—but caſting her eyes upon him, ſhe beheld him ſtruggling with painful emotions, and ſelf-accuſation ſtrongly depicted on his expreſſive countenance.

Ellen had no ſooner finiſhed her affecting addreſs, than Lord Clifford, raiſing her from her lowly poſture, folded her to his boſom —then preſſing her trembling hand, exclaimed, "Enjoy your charming triumph, my matchleſs Ellen. Strongly tempted, you have greatly conquered—and now, ſatisfied of your prudence, and aſſured of your preference, I will lead you to thoſe admiring friends, and worthy part of ſociety, whom you were born to gladden and adorn. I made no reſolution to abjure a world which for us contains ſo many comforts—I but retired to awaken your reflection, that your inexperienced innocence might be convinced of the dangers attending a faſhionable life. And perhaps, my loved one," added he, gazing with tranſport, "ſome reſentment lurked when I impoſed a penance ſo ſevere as Glomart." The heart of Lady Clifford enjoyed indeed a triumph, and the ſweeteſt ſmile beamed on her lovely features as her huſband led her to Mrs. Glendillon, ſaying, "Behold the ſiſter I promiſed to reſtore you!

you! You now embrace a woman equal to yourſelf, whoſe virtues will ever bleſs her happy Clifford, and cheer his checkered journey through the world."

Mutual congratulations having paſſed, Lady Bab exclaimed, "It is well, Clifford, that you have recovered your ſenſes, for I was on the point of declaring you Miſanthrope —Hotentot—Savage—" "Stop," interrupted Ellen; "you know not how kind he has been." "Kind!" repeated the lively girl, viewing her ſhape archly, (which had loſt its ſymmetry) "Kind! why we ſee he has not abſolutely ſtarved you, as your en bon point witneſſes; truly a valuable conſideration for a modern beauty." "No modern beauty would reſign it," interrupted Mr. Herbert, laughing. "If I do not much miſtake," ſaid Mr. Glendillon, "Lady Clifford would very ſoon have introduced a young ſtranger to Glomart." "Yes," replied his lordſhip, ſmiling, "I once told her ſhe would encourage ſtrangers." Ellen bluſhed, as ſhe re-

plied, "You are inſufferably rude, Clifford," and, taking the hands of her ſiſter and Lady Bab, ran up to her bed chamber.

After a perfect recapitulation of events, Lady Clifford inquired how their retreat had been diſcovered. Madeline informed her, that hearing no accounts at Piccadilly, Clifford Park, or any other of his lordſhip's known ſeats, ſhe ſuffered an anxiety which embittered every comfort. When one morning Truman, who had been ſervant to the late Lord Clifford, appearing with great exultation, ſaid, he believed he had recollected another ſeat of his lordſhip—and as he had been very lately at the Park, it was probable he reſided near it. He then related, that returning from a viſit in Scotland, he ordered the carriage to croſs a heath near the Cheviot hills, and that after gaining an aſcent, at the bottom of which appeared a large antique building, he ordered the poſtillion to turn, ſaying, he believed the old ruin would not repay him for the trouble of inſpection.

inſpection. Had this Caſtle, my beloved Ellen," ſaid Madeline, "been on the confines of Nova Zembla, I had paid it a viſit, on the fainteſt hope to find you. So, with Truman for our pilot, we began our diſcoveries, which have happily led me to your dear ſociety."

Many endearments paſſed among the three ladies. Ellen wept for the angelic Miriam, and gave the tribute of a tender ſigh to the memory of the gentle Fanny. And after having arranged the beds, (which required ſome management,) ſmiling like the ſiſter Graces, they deſcended to the parlour.

"It is a pity," whiſpered Glendillon to Lady Bab, as they aſcended the ſpiral ſtaircaſe, "that we have not the old parſon Clifford ſpeaks of—Herbert might then be authorized to ſhield you from the hobgoblins which take their nightly rounds through yonder gloomy arcade." She laughed—but

almoſt wiſhed it herſelf, when conducted to an apartment ghaſtly in the extreme. In a trepidation, her reaſon deemed unpardonable, ſhe placed the candle in the chimney, and leaping into bed, attempted to loſe her fears in ſleep. The curtains being open, in a remote corner of the room, ſhe beheld a female figure, looſely attired in white, exultingly brandiſhing the bleeding head of a man. She ſhrieked—ſtarted from her pillow, and ruſhing to the apartment where Madeline quietly repoſed upon the boſom of her huſband, related the dire viſion.

Her ſcreams, and the noiſe of opening doors, ſo unuſual to the peaceful inhabitants of Glomart, aſſembled the whole family together. Lady Bab. perſiſting in what ſhe had ſeen, they all repaired to the diſturbed ſpot—when, to the confuſion of her ladyſhip, and the mirth of the ſpectators, the cauſe of her panic was diſcovered to be a piece of exquiſite needle-work, in tapeſtry, repreſenting the fair Jewiſh widow, in the act

act of delivering her people from the galling oppreſſion of a deſpotic tyrant, by decapitating the voluptuous Holifernes, during his ſleep. A chair had accidentally been placed behind, and diſtended the tapeſtry, when the light ſhining full upon it, it attracted the ſight of the affrighted Lady Bab. The figures were indeed large as life, and the colours ſtill vivid, which being added to her diſturbed imagination, ſhe could in no way conquer her terror of ſupernatural beings, —but yielding to the weakneſs, alarmed the family.

Don't bluſh, Bab," ſaid Lord Clifford, when he could articulate for laughing, "Ellen will keep you in countenance, for a miſerable kitten threw her into an ague fit." "I have often heard," interrupted Lady Clifford, half provoked, "that a woman could never keep even her own ſecret from a huſband, and mine now teaches me the folly of blabbing." "Well, Ellen," ſaid Lady Bab, "let us indulge our weakneſs together, and

leave your insolent lord with the Jewess; for, by my conscience, I don't much admire her still." "Leave her, then," replied Lord Clifford. "Take my bed—but, by heavens, not my bed-fellow." "Hotentot!" exclaimed her ladyship, looking wishfully at Madeline. When Mr. Glendillon, with much good nature, said, "My wife shall guard you to-night, Bab, from unquiet spirits," and led them to their apartment.

He was on his way to console himself with the heroic Judith, when Lady Bab called to him through the door—he returned—"What now?" "Prithee," said her ladyship, "good Benedict, who has now most reason to wish the old parson here? Ha! ha! ha! this is a chef d'ouvre of contrivance—and there you stand, a fool without, while I laugh, safe within." "Thou matchless devil," cried he; "I wish thee in the dreariest ruin in Northumberland, with all the Jews and Jewesses, from Jacob to Job, tormenting thee."

thee." "Honeſt man! good night!" replied the provoker. "The widow is impatient."

CHAP. LII.

NEXT morning the happy families bade an everlaſting adieu to Glomart, and in two days arrived at the Caſtle of Montgomery.

The ſenſibility of Lady Clifford was amiably excited on reviſiting the peaceful ſcenes of her early days. Here was a flowering ſhrub her dear father had aſſiſted her to plant;

there a moſſy bank, where, ſeated with her beloved mother, ſhe had liſtened to the mild leſſons of inſtruction. She introduced to her lord ſeveral girls, whom ſhe had placed in the aſylum—and related little anecdotes, until ſhe attained a degree of ſoft melancholy, which delighted her lord, by convincing him her ſoul was formed to enjoy rational and refined pleaſures.

After paſſing three happy weeks at Montgomery, the whole party went to Clifford-Park, where Ellen ſoon preſented her lord with a daughter.

On returning to the Caſtle, Madeline was agreeably ſurpriſed by the arrival of the reſpectable Mr. Alworthy, who invoked the choiceſt bleſſings upon her, her huſband, and her child. When Madeline related the mournful death of her friends, he ſaid, "In their fate, my beloved child, behold the workings of myſterious Providence! The worthy Mrs. Primroſe was ſheltered from the ſtorm—repoſed in his gracious boſom before

before the deſolation ſpread. The father unrelenting and ſevere, was doomed to drink the bitter cup of remorſe, even to the bottom—merited his portion! He forced his child to error, then ſpurned the meek returning penitent; and died unloved and unreſpected—leaving a dreadful example to ſurvivors of that hardneſs of nature, and bigotry of ſoul, which, clothing religion in a gloomy robe, forgets the kindly feelings of humanity. And deem me not, my Madeline, too ſevere, when I ſay even your Miriam, mild and virtuous as ſhe was, wandered from rectitude. Ah! had ſhe kept the even path, ſhe now had been a bleſſing to her friends; for the wretched wife of Glanville now ſleeps in duſt. Think, had ſhe ſtruggled but a little longer—but human nature never yet was faultleſs. Then from her fate let every female learn that filial duty is the firſt of virtues; and that no unkindneſs can exempt them from it. It claims a bleſſing *here*, raiſes a memorial before the Throne of Mercy, and expiates great tranſgreſſions; while

while a deviation from it brings innumerable evils, where ſmiling bleſſings were expected. Read even in the gentle Fanny's fate the truth of my aſſertion. Fair innocent! ſweet be thy repoſe! thy blighted youth hath made atonement."

"Surely," ſaid Madeline, deeply affected by his words, and reflecting on her ſiſter's clandeſtine marriage—"Surely, my dear Sir, bitter ſorrows may expiate an offence even on earth."

"They do," replied Mr. Alworthy, penetrating her thoughts. "Tried in the crucible of affliction, the mind is purified from the dark ſtains repented errors leave, and it becomes an offering meet for Heaven, which delighteth to encourage meek contrition.—Turn unto yourſelf, my child, who never ſtrayed from duty, and, in your preſent bliſs, behold the Hand Divine. You are conducted through unnumbered evils, and, in kind recompenſe for various virtues, repoſed at laſt

laſt within the arms of happineſs. Your parents' worth will flouriſh in their children, and the promiſed bleſſing deſcend to future generations—But the little ones appear."

Towards the end of ſummer Lord Delahay and his amiable brother arrived at Montgomery, and, much to the ſatisfaction of Madeline and her huſband, were accompanied by their mother, who, in declining age, turned with diſguſt from a neglecting world, which had often led her aſtray; and from ſome children who ill requited her partiality.

Mrs. Glendillon had long been her favorite. Callous as her heart had once been, ſhe could not reflect on her meekneſs, and the amiable uſe ſhe had made of her power over the late Lord Clifford, without admiring her goodneſs, and reſpecting that nobleneſs of nature which rendered her ſuperior to retaliating former unkindneſs—and, above all, ſhe owed to her the reformation

of

of a darling ſon, who ever acknowledged her to be the deareſt and beſt of women.

Poſſeſſed of theſe ſentiments, ſhe reſolved on a viſit to her happy niece, ſaying, on her arrival, that as ſhe had, by ſome magic power, attracted all her children to the Caſtle, ſhe muſt not wonder that the influence of the charm reached their mother. Madeline replied with duty and an enchanting ſmile to her aunt's compliment. And after a few weeks abode at the Caſtle, Lady Delahay confeſſed, that during a long life of ſplendid pleaſure, ſhe had never experienced ſuch ſerene ſatisfaction. Every boſom indeed glowed with innocent delight. Rational happineſs and domeſtic gaiety reigned, while affluent circumſtances ſupplied every elegance a refined ſociety could deſire.

One day, over the deſert, Lord Delahay addreſſed his ſiſter, ſaying, "As mutual friends, Bab, are only preſent, I will inform you of a propoſal which has been made to me

me on your account. The gentleman has long loved you—but a nice ſenſe of honor, which led him to ſuppoſe he was your inferior, has hitherto kept him ſilent to me." "Why," replied ſhe, gaily; believing her brother alluded to Herbert; "why, the road of matrimony is ſo well beaten, and I have ſo bright an example here, bowing to Madeline, that, approved by your lordſhip, I think I may venture to pronounce the terrible words." "You delight me, Bab," reſumed Lord Delahay. "My friend has received a very handſome addition to his income, and will be at the Caſtle in a few days to throw himſelf at your feet." "You may ſpare him that trouble, then," replied ſhe, in evident confuſion. "I ſhall not ſee him." "Not ſee him!" repeated he. "No trifling, Lady Bab. Did you not agree to accept him?" "Yes," replied ſhe, bluſhing—"but I have been miſled, and ſuppoſed you alluded to another." "Then," interrupted his lordſhip, "you will remember, Madam, that, to prevent a ſimilar fate to Lady Anne's, your

your father left your fortune greatly in my power—And as my promiſe is ſolemnly pledged, I will never revoke it in favor of another—ſo abide the conſequence.

Poor Lady Bab! where now were her gentle wiſhes—her generous intentions—and where was her adoring Herbert? Seated oppoſite to her, ſpoiling a fine old mahogany table with a fruit knife, in viſible agitation. His fair miſtreſs had covered her face, and leant on Madeline to conceal her tears.

All were a moment ſilent, when Lord Delahay, riſing, exclaimed, in an equivocal tone, "I now begin to underſtand. Mr. Herbert, a word, if you pleaſe." "Let it be explicit, then," replied he, haughtily. Lady Bab, ſtarting from her chair, and holding the arm of her brother, exclaimed, "Oh! deſiſt from your intention." "I will not," replied his lordſhip, unleſs you promiſe to receive my friend. "Stop!" interrupted Mr. Herbert. "I will be the victim. I have

have been preſumptuous, my Lord, and boldly own I love your ſiſter, though I diſdain her gold equally with your implication. If ſhe is loſt, life is not worth my keeping. Impatiently I await your conference." "I know little of you, Mr. Herbert," ſaid his lordſhip, coolly. "My buſineſs is with Lady Bab Darville; that ſettled, I ſhall attend you." "Herbert!" exclaimed her ladyſhip, in anguiſh, "my heart is firmly yours. Your ſafety ſhall not be endangered, nor ſhall my love involve you with a beggared wife. Lord Delahay, I am at your diſpoſal—proceed, and exult in the conſequences of your generoſity." "I do," replied his lordſhip; "and ever ſhall—in the reflection that I gave my ſiſter to the protection of a kind diſintereſted heart. Herbert, accept her—you are the friend ſhe has refuſed.

Generous brother! Noble friend! burſt from the happy pair, as they embraced. And Lady Bab ſhed, in the boſom of her lover,

lover, ſome of the moſt delicious tears ſhe had ever dropped.

Their ſoft luxury was diſturbed by a loud laugh from the company—when Mr. Glendillon whiſpered in her ear, "Ha! ha! ha! this is a chef d'ouvre of contrivance." "Thou retaliating devil!" replied ſhe, reſuming all her vivacity; "thou retaliating devil! the advantage ſtill is mine—for you remained murmuring without the door." "And you," interrupted he, "will remain ſmiling within; and that is all the difference."

Mrs. Glendillon, anxious to promote the felicity of her couſin and friend, had communicated their mutual attachment to Lord Delahay, who ſincerely loving his ſiſter, and delighting to oblige his beloved couſin, notwithſtanding the diſparity of rank and fortune, conſented to unite her to her lover. And as he really reſpected Herbert, had procured him a conſiderable poſt, previous to the

the above-mentioned denoument, projected by Glendillon, as an innocent retaliation for her raillery in the Caſtle of Glomart.

The following ſpring Mr. Alworthy, by ſpecial licence, joined their hands in the Caſtle of Montgomery, in the preſence of their mutual friends and relations.—Lord and Lady Clifford having alſo been ſummoned on the intereſting occaſion.

THE

THE CONCLUSION.

HAVING conducted the principal perſonages of this hiſtory to as great a ſhare of felicity as this ſublunary ſtate will admit, it may be ſatisfactory to our readers to be informed of the few following circumſtances.

Mr. Glendillon and his amiable Madeline "flouriſhed long in tender bliſs," fulfilling all the extenſive duties of humanity. Happy in their children, beloved by their friends, and almoſt worſhipped by their dependants.

In

In a very few years he ſucceeded to his uncle's title and fortune; when the only difference it made upon the charming pair, was extending their power of doing good.

Lord and Lady Clifford equalled them in happineſs, and were bright examples of nobility; ſupporting their rank and dignity with worth, rather than ſplendor. She always retained her charming vivacity; and though diſtinguiſhed by an admiring world, preſerved an unſpotted name—living the amiable wife, affectionate mother, faithful friend, and liberal benefactreſs—while the tenderneſs and virtues of her excellent lord, made her one of the happieſt of women.

Mrs. Forteſcue divided the evening of her life between her nieces; often declaring ſhe knew not which to admire the moſt; the ſenſe and ſenſibility of Madeline, or the virtue and vivacity of Ellen—and that it was a pity they were ever ſeparate, as they reflected ſuch a pleaſing light on the characters and manners of each other.

Mr.

Mr. Herbert and Lady Bab became an enviable example of married life. Convinced of the follies and fatal pleaſures of diſſipation, he diſplayed in his conduct all thoſe virtues which exalt the heart of man—while the worth and harmleſs ſprightlineſs of Lady Bab made him the happieſt of huſbands. To the pleaſing miſtreſs ſhe united the ſenſible friend—which being blended, formed the moſt deſirable woman.

The amiable Joſiah Primroſe lived until his niece, Madeline, had attained her tenth year. Her dawn promiſing all the mild virtues of her mother, with the noble ſentiments of her father. Mrs. Glendillon early taught her to venerate the name and memory of her parents: and the charming girl, with a degree of enthuſiaſm, imitated that ſimplicity of manners and modeſty of attire, which ſhe heard had ever diſtinguiſhed her lovely mother. The Valley was the nominal home of Joſiah, but the Caſtle was his conſtant reſidence; where the felicity he beheld the

the ſtill beloved Madeline enjoy, diffuſed a ſweetneſs over his fate. But ſtill he was a man, with all the generous paſſions of a man. He endured life, but gloried in death—and looked forward, as he ſoftly ſaid in his parting moments, to that bleſſed ſtate, "where there would be neither marriage nor giving in marriage;" when he might love Madeline without reſtraint, or breach of duty, in more exalted purity than he had done even on earth. He bequeathed his neice twenty thouſand pounds, and an equal ſum to Arthur Glendillon, with a wiſh—not deſire—that at an early age they might be united. The reſt of his vaſt poſſeſſions he left to Madeline and her huſband.

Lord Delahay and his brother both married very amiable women; living always in the ſtricteſt friendſhip with their couſins and families.

The Dawager Lady Delahay paſſed her old age amidſt a flouriſhing race; bleſſing

her niece, Madeline, for the ſerene happineſs ſhe enjoyed.

Mrs. Cook was always honored by Mrs. Glendillon with particular marks of grateful regard.

And the Trumans and Summers were amply provided for; and through life never ceaſed to reverence their united benefactors.

Providence marked the dark characters of theſe memoirs with merited ſhame and miſery.

Lady Anne and the vile deſigning Joſeph Cleveland, lived a few years the mutual torment of each other. She had long forfeited every claim to reſpect, by a doubtful reputation—And he, after plunging her, by infamous deception, into a life of ſhame, ſoon reduced her to a ſtate of beggary. Lord Delahay, on a formal ſeparation from her baſe betrayer, ſettled a genteel annuity on

her for life. She enjoyed it but a little time, —ſinking under a too late repentance, and a broken heart. Her worthleſs huſband, after a variety of practices which deſerved ignominious death, deſtitute of common neceſſaries, covered with diſeaſe and filth, expired in a wretched cabaret, and his body conſigned to the duſt by the charity of a pariſh officer.

Lady Cleveland, ſtruck with almoſt an univerſal palſy, lingered many ſad years, execrating her paſt errors, and very exiſtence. She once confeſſed, that through life ſhe had borne an implacable enmity to Major Montgomery and family, on account of his having, at an early period, refuſed her hand. She left her eldeſt daughter, at rather an advanced age, a prey to ſorrow, want, and repentance, —when Lady Bab Herbert, in remembrance of the only amiable part of the family, "who had virtues to redeem her race," ſettled on her one hundred a year. She expreſſed gratitude—but her proud ſoul brooked not de-

pendence. She died a ſad victim of the Errors of Education.

The good and reſpectable Alworthy, after having united the young Madeline to the eldeſt ſon of Lord Clifford—Arthur Glendillon to Norah Herbert—and a daughter of our Heroine to the firſt born ſon of Lady Bab; full of days and full of wiſdom, quietly repoſed at the ſide of his beloved friends, Major and Mrs. Montgomery.

At the death of Joſiah, Mr. Herbert and family ſettled in the Valley.

A mutual intercourſe of viſits yearly took place among the attached friends—and a general meeting in the metropolis every winter.

The aſylum of Montgomery, liberally ſupported by united benevolence, and encouraged by bright example, diffuſed happineſs and inſtruction through that rank of beings, whoſe good qualities are ſo neceſſary to the comfort

comfort and ſafety of the more elevated conditions in ſociety. And could the generous benefactors behold a more delectable proſpect, than the old and infirm, fed and ſheltered by their bounty—while the young and ignorant were taught and provided for by their humanity? The ſweet reflection of ſuch gracious deeds will cheer the hours of death, when earthly pleaſures fade, and the bright recompenſe attends the fleeting ſpirit to the boſom of Eternity.

To conclude.—Should any of my fair readers in contemplating the portraits here delineated, diſcern one trait deemed worthy imitation, may I be permitted, in the ſoft accents of redeeming grace, to ſay, "Go ye and do likewiſe." Or ſhould this varied page emit the feebleſt ray to guide unpractiſed innocence, when trembling on the verge of ſoft temptation, from the tract of error, warn it to retreat, prevent the anguiſh of remorſe, or turn the ſteps of inexperience to the brighter

brighter path of rectitude, how great my triumph!

And now, fair countrywomen, deign to accept a leſſon from a heart which hath had its ſhare of ſorrow, and known the comfort of unaccuſing conſcience. That an undeviating line of duty can alone lead to peace on earth, ſecure the favor of a guardian Providence, and guide us to the realms of everlaſting bliſs.

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